

# APPLETONS' JOURNAL

LITERATURE SCIENCE AND ART

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No. 173.—VOL. VIII.]

SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1872.

[PRICE TEN CENTS.]

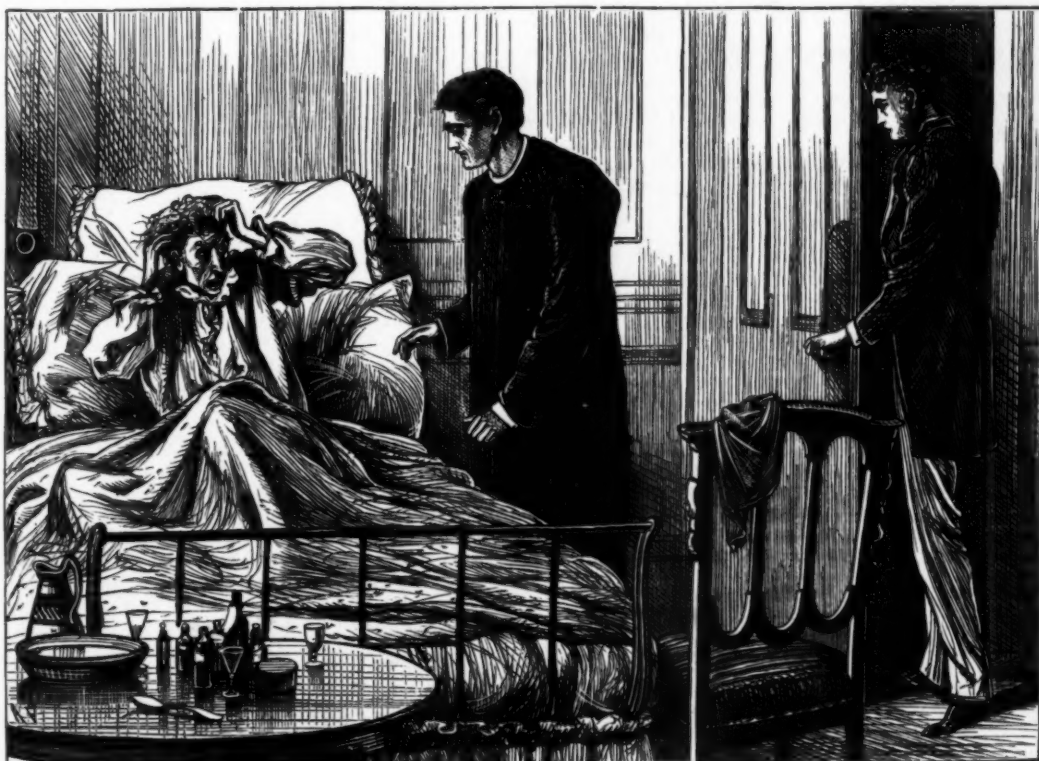
## AN OPEN QUESTION.\*

A NOVEL.

By JAMES DE MILLE, AUTHOR OF "THE LADY OF THE ICE," "THE AMERICAN BARON," ETC.

### CHAPTER V.—VILLENEUVE.

THE Lake of Geneva is one of the most attractive places in the world, and to the grace of natural beauty is added the more with which its scenes have become blended with the great events of history, and the majestic names of men of genius. The mem- it best. The shade of the great historian seems still to haunt the gardens of Lausanne; while all the surrounding scenes still wear



"In these dull, glassy eyes, there shone the light of a sudden and awful recognition."—Page 62.

subtle charm that arises from the closeness

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ories of Rousseau, Voltaire, Gibbon, Byron, and many more, are inseparably connected with it; but among all it is to the two Englishmen that its fame owes most, for they surely loved

those epithets with which the mighty poet endowed them. There is clear, placid Leman; the Alps, the pyramids of Nature; Jura, with her misty shroud; there too under the shad-

owy mountains rises the Castle of Chillon, sombre and melancholy, once the scene of wrong and cruel oppression, but now a place of pilgrimage:

.... "For 'twas trod,  
Until his very steps have left a trace  
Worn, as if the cold pavement were a sod,  
By Bonnivard!—May none those marks efface!  
For they appeal from tyranny to God."

It was early morning, and the sun was just rising, when two young ladies left the hotel at Villeneuve, and walked slowly along in the direction of the Castle of Chillon. Both of them were young, and each was beautiful in her way, though they were utterly unlike and dissimilar in features, expression, manner, and tone. One had clear, calm blue eyes; golden hair, which flowed down from a chignon of very moderate dimensions, in a rippling tide of frizzled glory; dimpled cheeks; and small mouth, the lines of which were of such a nature that they formed the impress of a perpetual smile. Her companion had a delicate and ethereal face, over which there was an air of quiet thoughtfulness; her eyes were soft, dark, liquid, and lustrous, with a peculiar expression in them that a superficial glance would regard as savoring of melancholy, but which to a closer observer would indicate less of sadness than of earnestness. Her hair also floated behind, after the same fashion as her companion's; but, while the one owed its beauty to the crimping-irons, the dark masses of the other curled lustrously in the graceful negligence of Nature.

They walked slowly, and noticed the successive features of the surrounding scenery, which they spoke of with great animation. At length a turn in the road brought them in sight of the castle.

"O Inez!" said the lady with the golden hair, "what a darling old castle! Look!—did you ever see any thing like it in all your life? and isn't it perfectly lovely?"

The one called Inez said nothing for some time, but stood looking at the sombre pile in quiet admiration.

"It must be Chillon," said she, at length.

"Chil—what, Inez dear?" asked the other.

"Chillon," said Inez. "You've read Byron's 'Prisoner of Chillon,' you know, haven't you, Bessie?"

Bessie shook her head with a doleful expression.

"Well, Inez dear," said she, "really you know poetry is so stupid, but I dare say, after all, I have read it, only I don't remember one word about it; I never do, you know, dear. You see I always skim it all over. I skim Shakespeare, and Bacon, and Gibbon, and Sir Isaac Newton, and all the rest of those stupid writers. They make my head ache always."

Inez smiled.

"Well, I'm sure, Bessie," said she, "if you try Newton and Bacon, I don't wonder that you find it rather difficult to read them. I should skim them myself."

"Oh, you know it's all very well for you, Inez dear, when you've got so much intellect, but for poor me! At any rate, what is there about this Chip—Chil—how is it?"

"Chillon," said Inez.

"Chillon, then. Tell me the story, Inez dear, for you know I'm awfully fond of stories, and you tell them so deliciously. I only wish I was so clever."

"Nonsense, Bessie!" said Inez; and, after this disclaimer of Bessie's too open flattery, she proceeded to give her companion the substance of Byron's poem.

"Well now, really, Inez dear," said Bessie, as her companion finished her story, "what was the use of it all? Why did that poor, silly creature go to prison at all? Sure its mad he was."

At this, Inez looked at her friend with sad, reproachful eyes. Bessie's intonation and accent were somewhat peculiar; for, though she was perfectly well bred and lady-like in her tone, there was, however, in her voice a slight Hibernian flavor, originally caught, perhaps, from some Irish nurse, and never altogether lost. There was an oddity about this which was decidedly attractive, and the "lapse taste in life av the brogue," which was thus noticeable in Bessie, gave to that young person a wonderful witchery, and suggested infinite possibilities in her of drollery or archness.

"People often have to suffer for their principles, of course," said Inez, gravely.

"But I don't see why he should bother about his principles," persisted Bessie. "No one thanked him for it, at all at all."

"He had to. He believed in them, and of course could not give up his belief."

"But he needn't have gone so far, you know, Inez dear. Why couldn't he have made it up with the count or the duke, or whoever it was?"

"Why, Bessie, how absurd! A man can't give up his belief so easily. Some things people must suffer. You and I are Catholics, and if we were ordered to change our religion we couldn't do it. We should have to suffer."

Bessie shook her pretty little head.

"Well, I'm sure I really don't see how I could stand being put in a dungeon with rats and things, and so dark too; and besides it was different with this man. It wasn't his religion, but some absurd bother about politics. I'm sure there's no danger of my ever getting into trouble about politics. But, oh, Inez dear, there he is—I knew it—look!"

The sudden change in Bessie's remarks was caused by some one whom she happened to see coming up the road behind them as she casually looked back. Whoever it was, however, Inez did not choose to look, as Bessie told her. On the contrary, she seemed to know perfectly well who it was, and to feel some slight embarrassment, for a flush came over her face, and she looked straight before her without saying a word.

"Now, I think it's a great shame," said Bessie, after a moment's pause, in a fretful tone.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, Dr. Blake, since he's joined us, I never see any thing of you."

"Why, Bessie, what perfect nonsense! You are with me all the time."

"Oh, but I mean I never have you to myself now at all. It's nothing but Dr. Blake all the time. He is always with you. Your

papa and you are fairly bound up in him. And it's a great shame entirely, so it is. And he is so awfully devoted—why, he worships the ground you tread on!"

At this, the cheeks of Inez blushed like flame.

"I wish you wouldn't be so absurd," said she. "You are talking nothing but the most perfect nonsense. Papa and I, of course, both esteem Dr. Blake, and he is of great use to poor papa in his illness, and I'm sure I don't know what papa would ever have done without him."

"Well, I'm sure," continued Bessie, in a plaintive voice; "of all stupid people, the very worst in the world are two devoted lovers."

"You absurd, silly child!" exclaimed Inez, turning away.

"Why, I'm sure I do not know what else to call you. Doesn't he give you flowers all the time? Doesn't he sit and fasten his eyes on you, and look as though he longed to eat you up? Doesn't he always look at me, whenever he condescends to notice poor me at all, as though he thinks I am always in the way? Don't I have to bear the painful consciousness in my unhappy breast that I am *de trop*?"

"Hush, you silly little goose!" cried Inez, hurriedly, as she heard the sound of footsteps close behind her, fearful that Bessie's words would be overheard. Bessie, however, stopped short, and demurely moved away from Inez, as though she wished to allow the new-comer every chance with his inamorata—a movement which the other noticed, and tried to baffle by keeping close to her. But this little by-play was now interrupted by a clear, manly voice, which sounded close beside Inez.

"Good-morning, Miss Wyverne. I had no idea that you would be out so early after your fatigues of yesterday."

Inez turned with a smile of pleasure, and the face which met the new-comer's eyes, still wearing the flush which Bessie had called up, seemed to him to be inexpressibly lovely. He was a tall young fellow, with a fine, fresh, frank, open face; short, crisp hair; whiskers of the English cut, and a joyous light in his eyes, that spoke of bounding youth and the bloom of perfect health, and of something more, too, that might have been due to the present meeting. He stood with his hat off, and hand extended. Inez accepted his greeting, and said simply:

"Good-morning, Dr. Blake."

"Miss Mordaunt," continued Dr. Blake, addressing Bessie, who was on the other side of Inez, "good morning. What do you think of Villeneuve now? Will you ever dare to abuse it again? Confess, now, did you ever see such a lovely sight? For my part, I think it's far and away the prettiest place I ever saw, and for invalids it is perfect. But, by-the-way, Miss Wyverne, have you seen your father this morning? How is he?"

"Oh, thanks, he is much better," said Inez. "He was up and dressed before I left. He had slept better than usual, he said, though, of course, he never sleeps much now—poor papa!"

"Oh, well, we must be patient," said Blake. "We cannot expect any very rapid improvement, you know. This is the place where he can find just what he needs. It is so quiet, and so mild and beautiful. And there is the castle. I suppose you intend to visit it as soon as possible?"

"It is not open so early as this, is it?" asked Inez.

"Well, no; this is a little too early," said Blake. "For the present we must content ourselves with an outside view. But the castle itself and its surroundings will be enough for a first visit. There are the battlements from which the sounding-line was cast a thousand feet into the waters below; and there is the 'little isle,' which is mentioned in the poem:

" . . . a little isle  
Which in my very face did smile,  
The only one in view—  
A small green isle it seemed no more,  
Scarce broader than my dungeon-floor,  
But in it there were three tall trees,  
And o'er it blew the mountain-breeze,  
And by it there were waters flowing,  
And on it there were young flowers growing  
Of gentle breath and hue."

Blake was full of the enthusiasm of youth, and inspired by the scene around him, and the companionship which he had. He talked eloquently, and showed so wonderfully intimate an acquaintance with the scene before him, that it seemed as though he must have made Lake Leman a specialty, or at least have read up very lately.

They sauntered along thus, and at length sat down upon a grassy knoll by the roadside, while the whole prospect spread itself magnificently before them.

Bessie's remarks were justified by the present appearance of things. It was as she said. It was the old, old story of two lovers. The doctor had no words or looks or thoughts for any one but Inez; and the joy that was in his face, the animation of his manner, the eloquence of his words, were all due to the intoxication of her presence. However all this may have seemed to Inez, it is not to be expected that it would be altogether pleasant to Bessie; but Miss Bessie was not one who would allow herself to be imposed upon, and so she proceeded to solace herself for the neglect which she supposed to be shown her, by entering upon a deliberate and elaborate system of teasing, which was directed against Inez. After what she had already said, Inez could not allow herself to be absorbed so fully by Blake as she had formerly done; and there was now in her mind a sense of great uneasiness as to what Bessie might do, which feeling was by no means lessened by her friend's actions.

Soon after they had seated themselves, Bessie began to move away from Inez as far as possible, thus ostentatiously showing a desire to leave the lovers by themselves, and kept her face turned away, as though she would on no account be an eye-witness of their proceedings. All this embarrassed Inez greatly, for the relations between herself and Blake were thus far of a purely friendly character, nor had she as yet thought very much of anything more. Her delicacy was shocked excessively by Bessie's movements, but she

did not know how to prevent them. She shifted her seat once or twice, so as to keep near to her friend; but, on every such occasion, Bessie would make such a point of removing again, that it seemed more unpleasant to follow her than to sit still. At length Inez could endure it no longer, but rose, and, calling Bessie, who by that time had taken up her station with her back turned to the lovers about a hundred yards away, she waited for her to join her.

Bessie approached with an air of demurest gravity, which would have made Inez laugh if it had not been so provoking. As she came near she threw at Inez a deprecating glance, and, with an air of childish shyness, walked by her side on a line with the others, but on the other side of the road. Inez gradually drew nearer to her, whereupon Bessie allowed herself to fall behind.

None of this was noticed by Blake, who was too much absorbed by the joy of the moment to detect any thing so covert as Bessie's course of teasing. In fact, he felt quite grateful to her for keeping away, and allowing him thus to have Inez all to himself. This feeling he could not help showing, and this only increased the annoyance and embarrassment of Inez. The position of a young lady in the presence of an ardent lover is never quite free from embarrassment when spectators are by; but, when the spectator is one who has shown herself to be a merciless tease, capable of dragging to the light the most hidden secrets of the young lady aforesaid, why it stands to reason that the embarrassment must become intolerable. So it proved with Inez. Her attention was thus distracted between Blake and Bessie; and, if she noticed any unusual devotion of manner or earnestness of tone, it only served to excite her fears that Bessie would see it also, and treasure it up in her memory for future reference.

When Bessie, therefore, fell behind, Inez slackened her pace also; upon which the former managed to increase the distance between them still farther.

"Bessie," said Inez, stopping short and waiting for her to come up, "I'm afraid you must be fatigued after your journey yesterday."

"Oh, dear, no, Inez dearest," said Bessie, with a smile. "Not at all. I am watching something that is awfully amusing. Go on. I'll join you as soon as—as it is advisable."

Upon this Inez turned away in despair, and walked thus with Blake back to the hotel, while Bessie followed at a little distance.

The hotel stood facing the water. In front of it was a portico. At this portico stood an elderly gentleman, whose appearance had in it much that would arrest the attention of the most casual observer. He was a man of medium height, and might have been about fifty years of age, yet there was an air of decrepitude about him which must have been caused by some other thing than his fifty years. He looked as though he might once have been portly, and that too not very long ago; but now the ample outline of his frame had receded somewhat, and an air of looseness was thus given to his figure. His hair was quite gray; his face was

still full, but every trace of color had gone from it. He stood on the portico, leaning heavily against the base of a pillar, and his face was turned toward the water.

It was this face, and this alone, that gave this man his striking appearance. It was no common face. It was pale, ghastly pale, in fact, and the flesh which had once rounded its outlines had shrunk away, and now hung loosely in folds. His eyes were fixed upon vacancy, with a far-off, abstracted look. It was not the lake, or the mountains, or any material scene, that he was looking at. The placid water and the towering heights were reflected on his retina, but had no place in his thoughts. There was trouble in that face, deep, perplexed, and bewildered; and he who had thus come forth to gaze upon the face of Nature, presented his own face to the gaze of his fellow-man, and showed there something so woe-worn, so tragic in its sombre gloom, so full of despair, that it seemed as if the traces of crime, or of a ruined life, were marked upon it.

The ladies and their companion walked toward the hotel, and saw the old man, though they were not yet near enough to see his face.

"Papa is down," said Inez.

"Yes," said Blake. "He seems to be enjoying the view. I feel confident that this place will benefit him."

"Oh, I am so glad to hear you say so!"

As she said this, a footman came up to the portico. He had come from a house not far away. He had a letter in his hand. This letter he handed to the old man. He took it and opened it hastily. As he looked at it a change came over his face. With a quick gesture he crushed the letter together in his hand, and looked in an abstracted way all around. Blake and the ladies were near enough now for him to see them, but he did not notice them at all. The look seemed to have been an instinct blindly obeyed. He then turned his back to the street, and, opening the letter, stood there reading it. As he did so, he staggered slightly, and one hand caught at the pillar for support.

These strange actions, and the singular attitude of the old man, arrested the attention of Inez and Blake. They stopped, and looked, and as they stopped Bessie came up to them.

Suddenly the old man started. He staggered forward, and half turned. They were near enough now to see his face plainly. Upon that face they saw a wild look of terror—a look such as a drowning man may give while seeking for help.

Bessie caught Inez by the arm.

"Look! Oh, do look at your papa, Inez dear!" she cried. "Something's the matter."

There was no need to tell Inez this. She had seen it, but so great was her horror, that she had stood rooted to the spot, mute and motionless. But, as Bessie spoke, Blake started off at a run toward the portico.

If he anticipated what was about to happen, he was too late. Before Blake had gone a half-dozen steps, the old man gave a deep groan, and, suddenly collapsing, sank down senseless. At that moment Blake reached



him. The next instant a dozen servants had arrived at the spot. Then Inez came flying up with a pale face, wild with alarm. The sight that met her eyes could not lessen that alarm one whit. That prostrate figure—that head swaying loosely as they raised him up, those nerveless hands, those staring eyes, those venerable hairs soiled with dust—all this only served to intensify her fears. Unaccustomed to scenes like these, she lost all presence of mind, and, clasping her hands in despair, she watched the servants with white lips and staring eyes, as they raised the senseless form and bore it into the house, and up the stairs to his chamber.

Here Blake sent away all the servants except one. He tried to urge Inez to go also, but she refused. Thereupon he devoted himself to the care of his patient, and sought in all possible ways to resuscitate him. An hour passed away, and, at the end of that time, there was little change perceptible. He was breathing, however, and he had closed his eyes. These were encouraging signs, but the stupor yet remained, and it did not seem as though he could be roused out of this.

Several hours more passed, and mid-day came. Blake now made one more effort to induce Inez to leave.

"I assure you, Miss Wyverne," said he, earnestly, "that your father is now doing as well as can be expected under the circumstances. These sudden shocks are very much to be dreaded, but in this case the worst, I hope, is passed. You see him now—he is sleeping. It may, perhaps, benefit him in the end. He has not had much sleep of late."

Blake spoke this as the man, and not as the doctor, because he wished to give Inez some hope, and Inez grasped at this hope which was held out.

"Sleep?" she said. "Yes, it is—it must be sleep—but, oh, if he had only waked once—just to speak one word!"

"He will wake in time. But let us be patient. Do not let us wake him now, Miss Wyverne. And now will you not try to get a little rest for yourself? Let me entreat you as—as—ab—your medical adviser—to—to take care of yourself."

Inez at length allowed herself to be persuaded to retire, and sought her own room. Here Bessie came to her, and held a letter in her hand.

"Inez, darling," said she, "isn't this awful? You know your poor, dear papa was reading a letter when he fainted. It was on the portico. He let it fall. I saw it and picked it up. This is it. You had better read it, and perhaps you can find out the cause of all this."

With these words she handed to Inez the letter which the old man had been reading.

Inez took it, and read the following:

"PARIS.

"MY DEAR HENNIGAR: I am sorry you are not the man you used to be, for you need all your strength now. The event which we have all along dreaded as barely possible has at last come to pass. B. M. is alive! Worse—he has come back. I have seen him with my own eyes in Rome. He has not seen me. I have learned that, after he has attended to

his ecclesiastical business, he intends to visit you. Fortunately, you are out of England. Would it not be well for you to go into hiding for a time—in Russia, or the East, or, better still—America?"

"I have just arrived here, and leave to-night for London, on important business. I hope soon to see you. You had better send away those girls at once. Above all, you must get rid of that boy. You were mad to encourage him. His mind has been poisoned by his mother. Depend upon it, he will ruin you. At all events send him off at once, and get Inez out of the way. B. M. will hunt you up, and find you, unless you fly out of his reach. It seems to me that it would be advisable, if possible, to get up a well-concocted death—so as to throw him off your track. Think of this.

"I hope to see you before a week.

"In great haste,

"Yours,

"KEVIN MAGRATH."

## CHAPTER VI.

### IS IT DELIRIUM?

To Inez, this extraordinary letter was utterly unintelligible, and yet terrible on account of the dark and impenetrable mystery in which it was shrouded. She had read it with breathless interest, yet not until she reached the end was she aware of the fact that she was reading that which had never been intended for her eyes, or for any human eyes except those of Hennigar Wyverne himself. The deed was one which she felt to be dishonorable in itself, yet she could not blame herself. She had read it solely out of a pure and generous impulse—a desire to learn the cause of this sudden blow which had fallen upon her father. She had read it without hesitation, because she had never imagined that around that honored father could cling any secret that had to be veiled from her eyes or from any eyes. She had read it, and the deed for good or for evil was done beyond recall, nor could she forget one single word of all that ill-omened and evil-boding letter.

As she had read it, Bessie had stood watching her; and now, as Inez looked up, she saw her friend's eyes fixed on her with sharp, eager scrutiny. The moment that Bessie caught the glance of Inez, she turned her eyes away; not so soon, however, but that the latter could read the meaning that was in them. By the expression of Bessie's face, and the look that was in her eyes, Inez saw plainly that she, too, must have read the letter; that she, too, had been startled by its mysterious meaning, and was now waiting to see the effect produced upon her. At this discovery an indignant feeling at once arose, which, however, in a few moments, was checked. For, after all, how could she blame her? She knew Bessie's thoughtless and wayward nature, her inquisitiveness, and her impulsive ways; she could easily understand how she, too, could read it with the same thoughtless haste that had characterized her own perusal. So she checked the sharp

words that arose to her lips, and merely remarked:

"It's some business of poor papa's. I don't understand it, and I ought not to have read it."

She then flung herself upon the sofa, and turned her face to the wall. Whereupon Bessie softly left the room.

Left thus to herself, Inez, as she lay on the sofa, became a prey to all the thoughts which that letter was calculated to create. The more she thought about it, the less was she able to understand it; but the secret of the letter, though impenetrable, was something which she could not avoid thinking upon, and, though the full meaning was beyond her conjecture, there were a few plain and very ugly facts which stood forth clearly and unmistakably.

First of all, she saw that there was some one living of whom her father stood in mortal dread—named here as B. M. The dread of this mysterious man was evidently no new thing. He had been absent long, but they had always considered his return possible. They had hoped for his death, but found that he was alive. This B. M. was in Rome. He was on his way to England, to see her father.

Secondly, so great was the terror that attended upon the presence of this B. M. that the correspondent's first suggestion to her father was instant and immediate flight, even to the uttermost ends of the earth—Russia, the East, America.

Thirdly, this correspondent urged him to get rid of the girls. The girls! What girls? There could be no doubt that she herself and Bessie were meant, and herself more particularly, since greater emphasis was laid on her name. This dark secret affected her then, but how?

Fourthly, who was "the boy?" About this Inez could have no doubt whatever. "The boy" must be Dr. Blake. To no other could the term "encouragement" apply. He had certainly been "encouraged." Though an acquaintance of no very long standing, her father had manifested for Dr. Blake a regard which was wonderful, and quite unaccountable. This must be the "encouragement" of which the letter spoke. But who was the boy's mother, and how had she "poisoned" his mind? How was it that Dr. Blake could ever be the ruin of her father? Had he any connection with those dark events of the past? Dr. Blake had always seemed the most open, frank, and transparent nature in the world; and she could not understand how in his breast there could lurk the knowledge of any secret that could make him able to ruin her father, even if he were capable of wishing it.

Fifthly, this correspondent hinted that a pretended death might be advisable. Such a hint seemed to Inez the most terrible thing in the whole letter. It revealed an abyss into which she dared not allow her thoughts to venture. What terrors must cling to the past life of her father when there impended over him a danger so great that he could only escape it by instant flight or pretended death! Alas! as her father now was, if death was to be thought of, it might be only too real.



Again, this thing of terror, this mysterious "B. M.," who was he? What was meant by his "ecclesiastical" business? Could he be a priest? It must be so. Who else but a priest could have ecclesiastical business at Rome?

And, finally, who was this correspondent himself? He called himself "Kevin Magrath." Could it be a real name? It was evidently an Irish name. She had never heard of it before in all her life. The sound was utterly unfamiliar. Whoever he was, he seemed to lead a roving life, going from Rome to Paris, and from Paris to London, and promising to come here to Villeneuve. Whoever he was, he must be an old friend of her father's, and an associate in this dark mystery. With him, too, her father must have kept up a constant correspondence, for how else could this Kevin Magrath know his present address to be such an obscure place as Villeneuve?

She thought for a moment of asking Bessie about this man, but the next moment she dismissed the thought. She felt an invincible repugnance to making one like Bessie—or any one, in fact—a confidante of her present feelings. This secret seemed a dishonor to her father; and Bessie's knowledge of the existence of any such secret was of itself most disagreeable to her. Instead, therefore, of saying anything to her friend about it, she saw that it would be far better to hide her feelings from her, and make it appear, if possible, that she thought nothing of it whatever. By so doing, she might induce Bessie to suppose that it was of no importance. This she hoped, but the recollection of that look which she had encountered from Bessie made her suspect that behind all her friend's apparent volatility and frivolity there were other qualities of a graver character—qualities, too, which might prove formidable in the future if it should ever happen that Bessie's interests should be blended with those of the enemies of her father.

The impenetrable secret thus baffled Inez completely, and there was nothing left but to wait for the disclosures of the future, and bear the intermediate suspense as best she could.

This Inez resolved to do, and her resolution was made easy by the situation of Mr. Wyverne. He lay, as he had been prostrated, without much change, upon the last verge of life, motionless, his breathing short and quick, opening his eyes wildly at times, murmuring incessantly to himself, and all the while his heart throbbing fast and furious. He was not senseless now, for he could answer when he was addressed, but he seemed to be the prey of the most agonizing feelings, the torment of which made him unobservant of things around him.

Inez now watched over him incessantly, and the doctor also was equally devoted. He did not seek to conceal the truth from her. The danger was extreme. He knew it, and he could not bring himself to deceive her. She, on her part, being thus forced so constantly into the society of Blake, and with her secret gnawing at her heart, more than once thought of asking him about it; but no sooner had the thought came than it was repelled. Whatever might be her feelings toward him, she

saw that this was clearly a case in which he could be of no assistance to her. She could not show that letter to one who, after all, was a stranger in a certain sense. She could not ask his advice in a case where a father's secret and a father's honor were involved.

Day after day passed, and there was no change. One day Inez implored Blake to tell her the worst.

"I can't bear this suspense," said she. "I expect the worst, the very worst, and I try to make up my mind to it; but I should like to know if there may be any ground for hope."

"Miss Wyverne," said the doctor, sadly, "while there's life, there's hope."

"I know—I know," said Inez, "that old formula, used to disguise the worst intelligence."

Blake sighed, and looked at her compassionately.

"Oh, how I wish," said he, "that I could spare you this!"

"You have no hope, then?" wailed forth Inez, looking at him with awful eyes.

Blake returned her glance with a mournful look, and in silence.

Inez had hoped for some faint encouragement, and this silence was almost too much. But, by a strong effort, she controlled herself.

"Tell me all," she said, in a scarce audible voice. "Let me know all."

"Agitation," said Blake, solemnly and slowly, "is fatal. If I could see any hope of saving him from this—if I could only gain control over his thoughts! But there is something on his mind always. He never sleeps. He eats nothing. Opiates have no effect. It is his mind. There is trouble, and it overwhelms him. If he should sleep, his dreams would be worse than his waking thoughts. I cannot 'minister to a mind diseased.'"

At this, Inez went away to her own room and wept.

So Wyverne lay, struggling with the dark secret that was over his soul, murmuring words that were unintelligible to those beside him, with that in his mind which was a horror by night and by day. Thus a week passed, and during this time he grew worse and worse. Of this there was no doubt. The doctor saw it. Inez knew it.

At length one day came when he opened his eyes, and fixed them with a glassy stare upon Inez, who, as usual, was sitting at his bedside.

"Papa, dear," said she, in a choking voice.

"Who—are—you?" were the words that came with a gasp from the sick man on the bed.

Inez shuddered.

She took his hand tenderly in hers, and, bending over him, she said:

"Don't you know me, papa dear—your daughter—your child—your Inez?"

Mr. Wyverne frowned, and snatched his hand away.

"I have no daughter," he gasped. "You are not mine. You are *his*. *He* is coming for you—for you and—for—vengeance! *He* is coming. *He* is coming. *He* is coming—"

A groan ended this, but the sick man went on murmuring, in a sing-song way, like

some horrible chant, the words, "*He is coming! He is coming! He is coming! He is coming!*"

A cold shudder passed through Inez. She drew back and buried her face in her hands. Was this real? Did he mean it? What horror was this?

Blake had heard all, and had seen her distress. He bent over her and whispered:

"Don't be distressed at what he says. He doesn't know you. It's his delirium."

The whisper seemed to attract the attention of the sick man. He turned his eyes till they rested upon Blake's face. His own expression changed. There came a gentle smile upon his wan features; he sighed; and then he reached forth his hand faintly.

Blake saw this, and took his hand wonderingly.

"Basil!" said Mr. Wyverne, in a soft, low voice, full of a strange, indescribable tenderness, "Basil—is your—your mother still alive?"

"Yes," said Blake, full of amazement—Mr. Wyverne had called him by his Christian name!

The sick man closed his eyes. There were tears in them—they trickled slowly down. Inez still sat with her face buried in her hands. Blake wiped those tears away, and waited to hear what might be said, with all his soul full of wonder and awe, and a certain fearful expectation.

"Basil," said Mr. Wyverne, opening his eyes again, and fastening them with the same look upon Blake, speaking faintly and wearily, and with frequent hesitation, "I dare not tell you—ask *her* to tell you—all—all—all."

Once more his thoughts wandered, but he still clung to Blake's hand, and would not let it go.

After an interval, he opened his eyes and looked at Blake.

"Kiss me—Basil," he said.

At this Blake bent down and kissed the forehead of the sick man—damp and cold as with the chill-dew of death.

Not one word of all this had been lost on Inez, and at these last words she raised herself, and saw through her tears what was done. Full of wonder, and deeply wounded also at the neglect with which she was treated, she sat there a prey to the deepest grief. Blake saw this, and, as the sick man again closed his eyes, he murmured in her ear:

"It's his delirium."

The sick man again opened his eyes; they rested upon Blake as before, and then wandered toward Inez, whose pale face was turned toward him, and whose eyes were fixed entreatingly upon him, as though seeking for some look of love.

He looked at her mildly, and then, turning his eyes to Blake, there came over his face a smile of strange sweetness.

"You—love—her—Basil?"

These words came from him faintly. As he said this, the face of Inez flamed up with a sudden and violent flush. Blake said nothing, but pressed his hand. The sick man took Blake's hand in his own left hand, and reached out his right hand feebly, look-

ing at Inez. She took his hand in hers, not knowing what he wished, but still hoping for some word of love. He drew her hand toward him, and joined it to that of Blake's, pressing the two together between his feeble palms. Then he looked at them both, with that same strange, sweet smile on his face.

"My children! my children!" he murmured. "My children!" he continued, after a pause, "you will love one another. You will—love her—Basil—and—make her—yours—promise!" and he looked earnestly at Blake.

To Inez all this was exquisitely painful, and Blake did not know what to say.

"Swear," said the sick man.

"Oh, yes," said Blake, in a low voice.

Mr. Wyverne gave a sigh of satisfaction, and lay for some time exhausted, but still holding their hands. Once more he rallied.

"Basil," said he, "I cannot tell you—what is on—my mind—dare not—you shall know all—your mother—ask her—you will forgive me, Basil—my son."

Sam! that word had a strange sound, but it seemed to mean *son-in-law*, and thus they both understood it. But in the mind of Inez this declaration interweaved itself with other thoughts which had been called up by that mysterious letter.

"Your mother," continued the sick man, looking at Blake, "will tell you all—all. Swear that you—forgive me."

"I swear," said Blake, willing to say any thing which might humor the sick man's fancies.

"And you—you," continued Mr. Wyverne, turning his glassy eyes toward Inez with an agonized look, "you—his daughter—you will tell all to him—that I repent—and die—of—of—remorse!"

At this Inez tore her hand away, and once more flung herself forward in an agony of grief.

"*It's his delirium!*" whispered the doctor again. These words restored Inez. It was all fancy, she thought. It was not—no, it could not be the truth.

But now the sick man seemed utterly exhausted. As Inez raised herself up, and looked at him once more, she saw that a change had come over him, and that change frightened her.

"I'm dying," he gasped, "send a priest—a priest!"

At this Blake at once hurried from the room.

He did not have to go far.

There was a priest in the hotel. He had arrived the night before. He had come from Italy, and was on his way to Paris. The doctor had heard of this, and went at once in search of him. The priest had arrived late, and had slept late. He was just dressed, and thus Blake found him.

He was a man of medium stature, with dark complexion, browned by exposure to the weather. He had piercing black eyes and heavy eyebrows. His jaw was square, massive, and resolute; yet, in spite of all this, the face was one full of mildness and gentleness—showing a strong nature, yet a kindly one—a face where dwelt the signs of a power which might achieve any purpose, and the indications of a nature which was quick to sym-

pathy, and full of human feeling. His frame was erect and vigorous. His hair was black, and sprinkled with gray. He could not be over fifty, and might be much younger. This was the man that Blake found.

The priest at once prepared to comply with Blake's request, and followed him to the sick man's chamber. As he entered, Inez shrank out of sight, and retreated to her room, waiting there, with a heart full of despair, the result of this last interview.

The priest took no notice of her. His eyes, as he entered, were fixed upon the bed where lay the man who had sought his offices at this last hour of life.

There lay Hennigar Wyverne.

A great change had passed over him since the morning when he had received that letter. Feeble though he then was, there still might be seen in him some remnant of his former self, something that might show what he once was; but now not a vestige remained; the week's illness had altered him so greatly that he had passed beyond the power of recognition; he was fearfully emaciated; he was ghastly pale; his cheek-bones protruded; his eyes were deep-sunk; his lips were drawn apart over his teeth; his white hair was tangled about his head, and short, gray bristles covered his once smooth-shaven chin. He lay there muttering to himself unintelligible things, and picking aimlessly at the bed-clothes.

The priest approached. Blake stood by the door.

The priest bent over the sick man, and roused him.

Wyverne opened his glassy eyes and fastened them on the priest. As he did so, there came over him an appalling change.

In those dull, glassy eyes there shone the light of a sudden and awful recognition; and, with that recognition, there was a look of terror unspeakable, of horror intolerable. Yet that look seemed fascinated; it could not be withdrawn; it was fastened on the face before him in one fixed gaze. Suddenly, and with a groan, he gave a convulsive start, as though he would fly from that which either his eyes or his wild fancy had thus presented before him. But the effort was too much. His strength was gone. This was its last effort. One movement, and then he fell down.

He lay motionless now.

Blake was just about leaving the room; but he saw this, and waited. As Wyverne fell, he rushed up to the bedside with a pale face. He looked at the form which lay there, and then at the priest. The priest looked with a mournful face at the figure on the bed.

There it lay, the thin, emaciated frame from which the soul had gone! That horror which had been the latest expression of those features still lurked there; the eyes stared at the ceiling; the jaws had fallen.

Blake stooped down and closed, with tender hands, the eyes of the dead.

"I have come too late," said the priest, in a low and mournful voice.

"The delirium has lasted for a week," said Blake. "He has imagined something terrible in you."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

## LADY SWEETAPPLE; OR, THREE TO ONE.

### CHAPTER XLII.

EDITH PRICE'S ADVERTISEMENT.

AND now we are all at breakfast next morning, and seem much the better for our night's rest. Florry and Alice were young, and with the young the phantoms of the night are soon dispelled by the morning's sun. Amicia was radiant, in spite of her misgivings about Edith Price; for was she not nearer by another night to her departure and Harry Fortescue's departure from High Beech?

All the party had been at prayers, and Mr. Beeswing even congratulated Count Pantouffles on having become a Protestant, after attending family worship twice. For this he was taken to task, though in a very modified form, by Mrs. Marjoram, who told him it was not safe jesting with the errors of Rome.

"No more than it is with a hungry man," said Mr. Beeswing. "Pray, dear Mrs. Marjoram, let me first eat my breakfast, and then I will dispute with you on theology to your heart's content."

Lord Pennyroyal was particularly cheerful, and was ready to resume the discussion on sugar and sugar-beet with Lady Sweetapple if she wished it.

"No, I thank you, Lord Pennyroyal," she said; "I exhausted what I had to say on that subject yesterday. But if you would give me that outer sheet of the *Times* which contains the births, marriages, and deaths, and the ladies' second column, I shall be so much obliged to you."

"Certainly," said Lord Pennyroyal, handing her the paper.

So Lady Sweetapple began to read:

"At No. — Belgrave Square, the Countess of Balderdash of a son and heir."

"An heir at last," said lady Pennyroyal. "Well, I am glad. She has had five daughters running, and now she has got a boy."

"I shall write to Balderdash," said Lord Pennyroyal, "and ask for his vote for the Orphan Asylum. He will be in a good humor, and promise it at once."

"I am sorry to say," said Thomas Carlton, "his vote is already promised. He has given it to me."

"What a bore!" said Lord Pennyroyal.

Then Lady Sweetapple read on:

"At St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, by the Bishop of Bullocksmithy, assisted by the Dean of Dunderhead, and the Rev. Rabid Rubrick, Annie, second daughter of Sir William Eatington, Bart., to the Hon. Mauther O'Gallagher, of Damdreary Castle, County Mayo, Ireland."

"I am so glad Miss Eatington is married!" said Florry; "but who is Mr. Mauther O'Gallagher? what is his father's title?"

"He is the son of Lord Killwordie," said Lady Sweetapple, "and rather a handsome man, except that he has a horrid brogue and is very prosy."

"How I pity Annie Eatington!" said Alice; "she deserved a better fate."

"Is there any one dead?" said Lord Pennyroyal, who was always doing sums as to the amount of succession duty which this or that deceased person's heirs might have to pay.

"No one of any distinction," said Lady Sweetapple. "Let me see; they are all Huggins, or Muggins, or Jones."

"Is there no Smith?" said Florry, savagely.

"No, there is not," said Lady Sweetapple, evidently not in the most serene of tempers.

"I thought," said Florry, "there was always a Smith in the deaths, just as there is always a gray horse to be seen at any hour of the day passing over Westminster Bridge!"

"There's no Smith," said Amicia.

Then she left the deaths, having, apparently, had quite enough of them, and went on with her second column.

"Here's the usual advertisement for a young lady inclining to *embonpoint*, with a profusion of dark-brown hair, dressed in a black-silk skirt, and a blue-satin petticoat, and a violet bonnet with scarlet flowers, who is supposed to have gone off with a young gentleman in a round hat. She is, of course, very distinguished in appearance, and has blue eyes and perfect teeth. Any one who can restore her to her distressed parents will be liberally rewarded."

While the whole table round were laughing at this unfortunate young lady, Amicia was reading the next advertisement to herself, and had time to reflect on what was best to be done. In half a minute she had made up her mind that the best thing to be done was to read it all out very slowly, keeping her eyes fixed on Harry Fortescue all the while. It was, in fact, a pity that she had not two pairs of eyes, or that she had not a squint, and could keep one eye on Harry and the other on Florry Carlton; but she acted for the best, and stared at Harry Fortescue.

So she read out:

"'Lupus Street.' What an odd name for a street, Lupus Street!"

This was to call attention to what she was going to read, and to let the laugh at the unfortunate young lady subside.

Then she went on again:

"'Lupus Street.—Mr. H. F. . . . . is requested to communicate at once with E. P. The check has not arrived.'"

"Mr. H. F. . . . . e! Why, that's you, Harry," said Mr. Beeswing. "How many dots are there between the 'F' and the 'e,' Lady Sweetapple?"

"Seven," said Amicia. "But what an odd name Lupus Street is! Where is Lupus Street?"

"Let us settle the name first," said Mr. Beeswing, who sat on the same side of the table as Harry, and could not see his face.

"Let us see: 'F-o-r-t,' that's F and three dots; 'e-s-c-u,' that's four dots, and the final 'e.' There, we have Fortescue complete." Then, turning to Harry, and never thinking his arrow had gone home, Mr. Beeswing added: "Why, Harry, who is E. P., with whom you are requested to communicate, and what's all this about the check?"

"I shall give no explanation," said Har-

ry, "to any one about this matter. But if any one is curious, I will admit that the advertisement does refer to me, and that I must leave for town at once to inquire about it."

Now we all know that Harry Fortescue's conduct in the whole of this matter was not only honorable, but noble and generous in the highest degree; but neither Amicia, nor Florry, nor Alice, were in the possession of our knowledge, and therefore you may fancy what Florry's sufferings were when she saw Harry's handsome face working, and heard his words, which seemed to tell her that Edith Price was a reality, and that he was avowedly about to rush off to town to communicate with that young lady. She saw, too, Amicia's angry eyes now turned on her in malignant triumph—as much as to say, "See, I told you nothing but the truth!" and so she could not control herself, but burst out:

"O Mr. Fortescue, are you really going up to town to see E. P.?"

Before Harry could answer, Lady Carlton had interposed:

"My dear Florry, what does it matter to us if Mr. Fortescue goes to town, and whether he goes to see E. P. or any other set of initials? We have no right"—she said this rather stiffly—"to pry into his secrets."

"Quite so," said Lady Sweetapple. "After all, I dare say E. P. only means Edward Price, or some common name of that sort."

"O Lady Sweetapple!" said Alice, who remembered what Amicia must have known well, after Harry's confession—that E. P. could only mean Edith Price.

As for Florry, she looked daggers and bowls of poison, and all Queen Eleanor's black arts, against Lady Sweetapple, but she said nothing.

Amicia only smiled in answer to the exclamation of Alice; for she saw that all things were now playing her game, and, if she wished for one thing more than another, it was that Harry might rush away from High Beech and quarrel with Florry before he went. Observe, too, her art. She had contented herself with merely reading out the advertisement in the most innocent way. She had taken no part in identifying it with Harry; and when Florry broke out in that wild way about E. P., she had come to Harry's rescue by suggesting that, after all, E. P. was only a man, and so taking the whole sting out of the advertisement. For this Harry felt really grateful; and so, while Alice exclaimed, "O Lady Sweetapple!" Harry said:

"Thank you, Lady Sweetapple."

After these interjections there was a little pause.

Every one seemed to think it necessary to say something, and no one said it. Lady Carlton was the first to recover her tongue, and all she said was—

"The worst of this anonymous advertisement is, that it seems likely to deprive us of the continuance of Mr. Fortescue's company.—Is it really so, Mr. Fortescue? Must you return to town at once?"

"I am afraid I must," said Harry.

"Could you not return to dinner?" asked Lady Carlton.

"That, too, I must decline," said Harry, who felt very much hurt at Florry's imputa-

tion, and had been wondering, ever since the advertisement had been read out, how it was that she had been led to fix any meaning on E. P.

"And what will you do, Mr. Vernon?" said Lady Carlton, turning to Edward.

"I shall go with Harry," said Edward, who, on his side, had not forgiven Alice for her coldness of last night; besides, were not he and Harry inseparables? and was he not in reality as much concerned as Harry in seeing that the check was duly paid to Edith Price?

But, as he said these words, he was afraid to look at Alice, lest he should encounter her reproachful eyes.

"We shall, then, lose both our young men," said Lady Carlton; "I am sure I wish there was no second column of the *Times*."

And so it was settled that Harry and Edward were to leave for London that afternoon. Harry was for going at once; but Edward said he could never be ready before luncheon, and so obtained a short respite.

"I wonder what it's all about?" said Sir Thomas Carlton to Lord Pennyroyal, as they sat after breakfast in the library.

"It's all debt, depend upon it," said Lord Pennyroyal. "Mr. Fortescue has not paid some man to whom he owes money, and to whom he promised to send a check, and now the man has advertised for him. Some racing-debt, I dare say. Young men get into debt in so many ways now."

"I never knew that Harry Fortescue was a betting-man," said Sir Thomas, "and I don't believe it."

"I was sorry to hit you so hard, Harry," said Mr. Beeswing, as he passed Harry Fortescue in the hall; "but I really did not think the advertisement could refer to you."

"Oh, pray don't say a word about it," said Harry; "it's of no sort of consequence;" and so he passed up the slippery black staircase to his own room, where he found Edward.

As soon as the two friends were alone together, Edward broke out:

"I can't understand this at all, Harry. Here you write a letter and send a check from this house to Edith, and it never reaches her. That's plain. It is also clear the poor girl, after waiting all these days, has put that advertisement into the paper. Of course it was all chance that Lady Sweetapple read it out in that silly way; but she was evidently not in the secret. That's also plain. But how did Florry Carlton burst out in that way about E. P.? It seems as if she knew all about Edith Price."

"I don't see that it is any business of ours to clear up the mystery which others have made," said Harry. "A man who sits on mares'-nests made by silly people, will only hatch harm to himself. What we have to do is to pack up our things and be off—at least that is what I have to do. As for you, old fellow, you will feel the parting from Alice far more than I shall. Why don't you stay behind an 'mak' it sicker," as the Scotchman said?"

"No," said Edward; "I'm not going to let you leave High Beech as it were under a cloud. I can see, in spite of all Lady Carl-



ton said, that all the women think that E. P. is a woman. At such a moment I am not going to separate myself from my bosom friend, Harry; and so, old fellow, when you go, I go."

"But what about Alice Carlton?" said Harry. "I fancied you had got so far yesterday that you could not help going a little further to-day."

"So I thought, in the dell, yesterday," said Edward, "and so perhaps I may think again; but she was so cold and constrained, and altogether so unlovable last night, that I do not know what to think or what to say, except that I am very fond of her."

"Poor fellow!" said Harry, who all the time was cramming his "things," as he called them, into his portmanteau.

After Edward had inspected that operation for a little while, he said:

"I may just as well go and pack my portmanteau too, and then perhaps I may have an opportunity of an explanation with Alice."

While Harry and Edward were thus engaged up-stairs, the four elder ladies were discussing the advertisement in Lady Carlton's boudoir, and Florry, and Alice, and Amicia, were doing the same in the conservatory.

"After all, though," said Lady Carlton, "that was a strange advertisement, and I must own my mind is not quite easy about it."

"The only remarkable thing about it," said Lady Pennyroyal, "seems to me to be the fact that it really referred to Mr. Fortescue. I never remember being in any company before where the same thing happened. It may be for good, and it may be for harm; but at any rate it must be remembered to Mr. Fortescue for good, that he at once, in the frankest way, confessed that the advertisement referred to him. In that case it can hardly be very bad."

"I am not so sure," said Mrs. Marjoram. "Perhaps he thought it no use denying it, and that the only way was to brazen it out. Then, too, if there were no harm in his conduct, why did he refuse any explanation? It would have been so easy to clear it all up."

"Perhaps he is too proud," said Lady Pennyroyal, whose kindness of heart always led her to excuse people if she could.

"Pride in such matters," said Mrs. Marjoram, with great unction, "is a very false feeling. If people are too proud to confess their faults, or explain them away, they cannot complain if they are looked on as really guilty."

"But," said Lady Pennyroyal, returning to the charge against Satan's advocate, "how do we know there is any harm in the advertisement? Here it is; let us read it over again. 'Lupus Street.' What harm is there in Lupus Street?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Marjoram, "how can I tell? I never was in Lupus Street in my life."

"Nor was I," said Lady Pennyroyal; "and yet, to hear you speak, it would seem as if all the wolves in sheep's clothing in the world lived in it."

"I dare say they do," said Mrs. Marjoram. "All I know is, I never heard of any decent people living in it. I dare say it belongs to some low-lived person."

"There you are quite wrong," said Lady Pennyroyal, "for it is built on the Marjoram property; and I know so much about it that Lord Pennyroyal is the ground-landlord of all the houses in Lupus Street."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Marjoram, quite shocked; for, as you well know, the Pennyroyal title was almost the only thing that severely moral and righteous Xanthippe respected in this wicked world.

"So far then, so good," said Lady Pennyroyal. "We have proved no harm against Lupus Street, we only know nothing about it. I do not know how you look on things, dear Mrs. Marjoram, but where there is doubt I always lean to the charitable side; and still more so in this case, where we know absolutely nothing, one way or the other."

"I am afraid," said Mrs. Marjoram, "I am not so charitable, for my part; where men are concerned, I suspect every thing."

"A very pleasant, and, I must add, a very Christian feeling," said Lady Pennyroyal; "but let us proceed. Lupus Street; I say there is no harm in that. What comes next? Mr. H. F. . . . e. Well, that, Mr. Fortescue has confessed, means H. Fortescue. There is no harm in that; Fortescue is an old and honorable name."

"Handsome is that handsome does," edged in Mrs. Marjoram, rather to the indignation of dear Mrs. Barker, who held up her hands in amazement.

"Mr. H. Fortescue is requested to communicate at once with E. P.," said Lady Pennyroyal. "Well, what harm is there in that?"

"All the harm in the world!" cried out Mrs. Marjoram, in almost a shriek of virtuous wrath. "All the harm in the world! Depend upon it, E. P. is some wicked woman who has entrapped Mr. Fortescue."

"Why, dear Mrs. Marjoram," said Lady Pennyroyal, "you said just now you suspected all men; but now it appears you are just as suspicious of your own sex."

"I suspect them all," said Mrs. Marjoram, very much as though she were repeating the passage in the baptismal service: "I renounce them all." To listen to her, one felt that no woman would obtain mercy at her hands. "If there were no wicked, designing women, there would be no bad men. Men are such geese!"

"Mrs. Marjoram!" said Mrs. Barker, with great dignity, "Colonel Barker is not a goose."

"The present company are always excepted," said Mrs. Marjoram; and then she waited to hear what more Lady Pennyroyal had to say.

"But how do you know that E. P. is a woman; and if she is a woman, that she is bad? There is no proof here of either."

"I think E. P. is a woman," said Mrs. Marjoram, "because her advertisement is worded in such an artful way, and because she's in such a hurry. 'Lupus Street!' there's art to attract his eye when he is sitting at breakfast, only Lady Sweetapple's eyes, being

those of a woman, were sharper, and found it out first. Then see what a hurry she is in—'at once:' she can't wait a moment, you see."

"I must say I can see no harm in the whole advertisement," said Lady Pennyroyal.

"What, not in the barefaced begging for money, which comes at the end?" said Mrs. Marjoram. "Depend upon it, poor Mr. Fortescue"—Mrs. Marjoram said "poor Mr. Fortescue" as though she were the only champion of the male sex in the world—"is drained of every penny of his income by this deceitful young creature."

"It seems to me your imagination makes a great deal out of very little," said Lady Pennyroyal. "I say it again, I can see no harm in the whole advertisement."

"None so blind as those that won't see," said Mrs. Marjoram.

And so the conversation of the elders came to an end, Lady Carlton, who had listened most attentively, repeating the sentence with which she had begun it: "After all, my mind is not quite easy about it."

While Mrs. Marjoram, like the unconverted Saul, was pouring out her uncharitableness against the whole human race, and baling both men and women to her own judgment-seat, the three younger ladies were sitting under a Datura in the conservatory, which nearly concealed them with its great, green leaves. Over their heads climbed and crept passion-flowers and Stephanotis, and altogether it was a cool and pleasant place in that hot June weather.

"You see, my dears," said Amicia, "I was quite right about Miss Edith Price. Every thing bears out the truth of what I said. I had hardly taken you into my confidence about her when one of you finds Mr. Vernon writing a letter to her, and next morning you have only to take up a newspaper to find an advertisement from that young person, proving that Mr. Fortescue is in the habit of sending her checks."

"It is too true," said Alice, already almost in tears.

"I can't deny it," said Florry, "more especially since Mr. Fortescue has confessed it himself; but what I want to know, Lady Sweetapple, is why you said E. P. meant Edward Price, when you very well knew those initials meant Edith Price?"

"My dear Miss Carlton," said Amicia, in her very sweetest voice, "I looked on myself as one in the position of a confidante of Mr. Fortescue; I had obtained his secret, and I thought it only generous to come to the rescue when I saw you all turning against him, and so I told what I consider to be a very white lie, and suggested, for it was only a suggestion, that E. P. might, after all, only mean 'Edward Price.'"

"All very generous, I dare say," said Florry; "but you know you cannot throw dust in our eyes. We are behind the scenes; we know as well as you that E. P. can only mean Edith Price."

"I only meant that I was generous to Mr. Fortescue," said Amicia, dryly; "I had no idea to be generous to you. I only wished to warn you against that young person for your own sakes. And I must say it is some

little satisfaction to me to see my warning confirmed."

"There is one thing I would so like to ask," said Alice.

"What is it?" said Amicia, with an air as though there was nothing in the world she could refuse to the lovely young girl.

"How you came to know about this Edith Price?"

"Yes," said Florry, "and I too; I should very much like to know that."

"I am so sorry," said Amicia; "it quite goes to my heart to be forced to refuse you so very reasonable a request, but it cannot be. I am bound to secrecy in this matter. You must be content with knowing, as, indeed, you must both now feel, that what I say is true. The source of my information I cannot reveal."

"Did you know about her before you came here?" said Florry, very illogically pursuing the inquiry after Lady Sweetapple had declined to continue it.

"I really cannot say," said Amicia. "You must be satisfied with the knowledge that Edith Price exists, and is a dangerous person."

"Dangerous to me or to Florry?" said Alice, wishing to save Edward Vernon's character if she could.

"Really," said Amicia, "you must judge for yourself as to that. You see, Mr. Vernon writes letters to her, and Mr. Portescue sends her checks. Which is worst or most dangerous I cannot say."

"They can't both be in love with her at once," said Florry.

"I am sure I can't say," said Amicia, rather in a mocking tone. "Such things have happened before now. But one thing, I think, is quite clear—this: that if two young men are in love with the same woman, she must be very dangerous, and, I am sorry to add, they must both be worthless, and quite beneath the consideration of any young lady who has the least self-respect."

"I don't believe they are either of them in love with her," said Florry.

As for Alice, she melted away into tears. The voice of Lady Carlton was now heard, calling for her daughters, and all that Amicia could add was:

"Remember that I shall still hold you to secrecy. You must on no account reveal what I have told you to any human being."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## GIRLS AND CANNON.

"Not in such plight as he went forth,  
Returned Lord Marmon home again!"

THE Confederacy approached its end. But, palpable as that fact must have been, it was hidden from the clouded sight of many of the dwellers in that "dream within a dream." I, for my part—I was still a mere child of seventeen years, or so—felt my heart throb, and my bosom swell with indignant denial, if a hint was whispered that its existence was not as stable as the everlasting hills. And this in the beginning of April, 1865! Even I knew better before May.

Ah! with the remembrance of those days,

how the tide of time flows back with me—"the forward-flowing tide of time"—and carries me on its receding wave into the old feverish excitement that breathed in every breath, and spoke in every word and look! I hear again and again, as if in a dream, the names almost forgotten now, but then familiar as household words, of Confederates and Federals, of battles and skirmishes, defeat and victory; hope from France, disappointment from England, the quarrels of the cabinet, and all the rest of it.

The town in Carolina where I had taken refuge, after my own home was destroyed, lay upon what was supposed would be the line of Sherman's march. He passed south of us, as it turned out, but we suffered all the thousand deaths of anticipation, though, from him at least, we never suffered at all, in reality. Our household would have been an admirable working-ground for "Lady Psyche and Lady Blanche." We saw no men, not even my brother, nor the numerous kin-claiming soldiers that, in the earlier part of the rebellion, had made of war only a gay, delightful change from the commonplace comforts of plantation-life. My godmother presided over this woman-kingdom, and her subjects, though few, were loyal. Mrs. General P——, refugee, with her two daughters and myself, comprised them.

None of us were particularly timid, and it was well that we were not—our unprotected condition not being calculated to strengthen weak nerves; but the news that reached us daily, as the wave of Sherman's army came rolling inland from the sea, appalled us. We were told how, night after night, along the line of that wonderful march, the sky was red with the light of burning villages; how all day long it was darkened by the smoke ascending from the ruins. Fearful tales of the tragedies witnessed by the walls of solitary houses, hideous visions of the agonies and death of defenceless women, filled the air about us, until the horror of it tainted the very breath we drew, and mingled bitterness with the bread-and-water of our fasting.

We did not sleep much in those days. We made a pretence of retiring, of course; and bade each other good-night. And then would each haunt the rooms of the others until daylight gave us some sense of security again; all the long night was there a flavor of white muslin flitting through the shadows; glimpses of ghostly figures leaning intent near the windows; sudden voices whispering beside the pillows: "Don't you think the sky looks strangely bright toward the south?"

"Didn't you hear an odd, unusual sound just now?" "That long, low rumble, surely it must be cannon." And then, trembling and listening, we would find ourselves mistaken—or, at least, uncertain—and creep back to our beds, to be startled from them again in an hour. We had lived in this state of anxiety ever since the fall of Fort McAllister, in December; and the constant terror of what might be—the mightiest terror of all—had not fitted us, perhaps, to be calm judges of probabilities, when the news we had been expecting came one dreadful morning in reality, toward the latter part of March.

The day dawned cloudy and cold. And, shivering with a chilliness that seemed rather to come from the heart outward, we assembled round the breakfast-table in heavy silence. Before we sat down we had heard the news—discussed it—sickened over it; there seemed nothing more worth saying in this world. We had read the morning paper—the pathetic, courageous, half-printed, poor little brown sheet—which exhorted everybody to constancy, and to constant faith in the final triumph of right and reason—that meant the Confederacy, of course; and we had understood the sinking heart which beat in the editor's bosom, under all his brave show of confident fortitude. (We all knew him well, poor little man! I see him now, in his worn-out suit of homespun and home-made jeans. He had ten children and a sickly wife; and, I should think, would have found a hard-enough struggle of life, leaving Sherman out of the question.) Well, the news, magnified by flying scouts to excuse their own terror, informed us that Sherman's advance was within ten miles of the town; stated further that the general himself had intended passing it, leaving it unmolested; but that the unappeasable wrath of his men against it and its inhabitants—there was a Confederate prison within its limits—had turned him from his course direct to Goldsborough, determining him to come hither to wreak his reddest vengeance upon the people; and, of the town, to leave not one stone standing upon another! This was false, of course. The town was taken, and in part burned. But not by Sherman.

Here was the realization of all our terrors indeed! And knowing no better—having no possible means of knowing better—we believed it.

At first, as I said, there was unbroken, heavy-hearted silence around the table. Untouched the coffee—made of parched potatoes—untasted the corn-bread and hominy. But the miserable, unspoken heart-sickness was broken by a sudden dictum from my dear godmother, a small, nervous woman, with a keen eye of the color, and a true heart of the temper, of Damascus steel. She turned with her accustomed decision to Mrs. P——:

"Whatever happens, Caroline," she said, "these girls must not stay here. There is not a man about the place to even attempt their defence if it should be necessary. They must go, and you must take them, and you must take them at once—now. I am an old woman, and have not much to fear; I shall stay where I am, and do what I can to take care of my home."

Mrs. P—— answered quietly, but she was very pale:

"One place is as safe as another, my friend. We will remain together."

"We will do nothing of the sort," said my godmother, rising. "The Western Railroad is open yet. Every one who can go, is leaving town, and you ought to be among them. If you can reach S——" (a village some thirty miles distant), "you will be comparatively safe. It is a poor place, and hidden among the hills. There is nothing there to tempt the soldiers, and no cause for vengeance. Go there, if you can get there. Make

the attempt, at any rate. You cannot be worse off than here, and you may be better. And may the Lord speed you!"

There was no withstanding my godmother's determination. There rarely was, indeed. God bless her, and send her length of happy days! She is to-day, as she long has been, one of the noblest of serene-souled, high-hearted women. God bless her, from my heart, I pray—the heart that she has comforted in sore affliction many a time, and that has seldom known a deeper sorrow than in its long exile from her!

So well did her resolution work, that in ten minutes more we were as busy with our hasty preparations for flight as if we had looked forward to it for a week. We were excited to the point of absolute quietude. But, in spite of steady nerves, our packing was a curious specimen of that difficult art. We simplified it exceedingly, tossing our treasures in piles into trunks, and then tottering on the perilous apex, standing on them, and stamping on them, until they consolidated themselves sufficiently to allow the lid to fit in its place, and the key to turn in the lock. It was next to impossible to get any thing to wear in those days—black particularly; the demand for it far exceeding any possible supply. In spite of difficulties, however, I—I was in deep mourning—had lately succeeded in procuring two new dresses, and, oh, how dearly precious they were in my eyes!—one being a sort of brownish-black serge, quite coarse enough to shoot straws through without injuring the texture, which I had thought deliciously cheap at three hundred dollars a yard; the other an alpaca, almost decent, at the very moderate charge of three thousand two hundred for the pattern. The vendor had taken care to let me know it was sold thus cheaply because one end was not perfect, having been wet with salt-water during its passage through the underground railroad. Even these invaluable toilets shared the universal fate. But France, and Carrie, and I, had each some valuable jewels, souvenirs of other days, and we wasted some precious minutes considering what to do with them. Should we divide the chances, and leave them? No, said my godmother, emphatically. Her house was the handsomest in the town, and in case of a general pillage it would go among the first. Should we secure them in "pads," and wear them ourselves? By no means! If we fell into the hands of any of the roving bands belonging to the main army, the most trivial cause for suspicion would result in the insult of a personal search. Alas! with many a prophetic sigh, we put them into our trunks with the rest.

The trunks themselves were presently tossed into the baggage-cart, and we and they were at the nearest station within an hour from the time that the council of war had hastily approved a retreat.

There somebody in authority informed us that the last train had left ten minutes before.

I can see Mrs. P——'s pale, noble face at this moment. The mere fact of deciding to leave had impressed us all with its absolute necessity. We three girls looked each at the other, and then, dismayed, at our conductress. Mrs. P—— wrung her hands.

"My God!" she cried; "what *shall* we do?"

"It ain't no sort of use your trying to get away, ma'am," said the station-master, kindly. He was well frightened himself, by-the-way. "If there was fifty trains leaving, you couldn't get far. Listen to that!"

Ah! we heard it at last! The sound we had imagined and dreamed of so long fell upon our ears at last, verified in an instant—the distant, dull roar that seemed to rise from some unimagined depth beneath our very feet. It was the cannonading at last. Every cheek blanched, though three of us had been under fire before.

"Where is it?" Mrs. P—— asked, almost whispering.

"There's no telling, ma'am. It comes from the south, of course—the way Sherman is coming. But how near, or how far, there is no telling. The wind is very still to-day, and in a calm like this you can hear a long way."

Mrs. P—— considered a minute in silence, the station-master eying her with eyes enlarged by a vision of balls, and chewing a straw, we girls holding our dresses from off the damp, dirty floor, and waiting.

"The sound of the firing comes from the south, and may come from a great distance," she said, with sudden decision. "We are going west, if we can go at all.—Mr. Brown, if there is *anything* still to have—flats, baggage-cars, freight-cars, anything—we will go. See, if you please, and let us know."

He went, and returned in five minutes.

"There is the last freight-train just leaving, madam. But my advice, such as it is, is, stay where you are. That there train is just as sure to be took and burnt as this world is at the day of judgment. They'll take the town, too; I know that. But it'll be better for you—you are four women, all alone, ain't you?" he interrupted himself, as this appalling fact thrust itself upon his observation.

"Yes, we are," said Mrs. P——, almost laughing even at that minute—the man looked so ludicrously dismayed. "But what of that?"

"What of that? Good God! Four women rushing out to meet an army, and asking me, 'What of that?' But they'll do what they've a mind, in spite of the devil himself."

At this he seemed to despair of the power of argument. He shook his head with slow despondency, and walked off, muttering.

In perhaps ten minutes after this we found ourselves placed oddly enough. The train was a freight-train, as I said. There were no more passenger-cars, every one having been called into requisition hours before. Into a freight-car it was impossible we could bestow ourselves, unless we could do without air as well as light. Accordingly, we were placed in a nondescript, attached for our especial behoof, whose ordinary purpose was carrying live-stock—but not of our sort, as a rule—and which looked a good deal like a square chicken-coop on wheels. We seated ourselves on some canvas bags that the courtesy of the engineer had fished up from some unimagined storehouse of bags, and spread upon the dirty floor for our convenience, the

boards in the said floor being so far apart, by-the-way, that we had to use a great deal of diplomacy to prevent our feet being caught in the crevices. Thus, on the floor, our knees drawn up under our chins, and our arms around them the better to support ourselves, we sat and stared at each other. Then, being neither heroines nor angels, but only girls, with the inherent weaknesses thereof, the ridiculousness of our position set us giggling.

"Upon my word, this is funny," cried France. "I wonder if I look most like a duck or a turkey?"

"You behave much more like a goose," said Carrie, reproachfully. "To be saying such things, with sounds like that in your ears!"

For all this time the voice of the cannon pursued us; and, as the cars ran very much at their leisure—rotten ties and Federal bayonets presenting a delicately-balanced alternative—the noise of the train did little to mitigate the long, slow, thunderous sound, which, in spite of our increasing distance, seemed to grow more and more distinct every minute.

"Girls, pray don't laugh so!" said Mrs. P—— directly. "You know nothing of the danger into which we may be going—we cannot tell—and such levity distresses me. Oh, thank Heaven! we are away in time!"

She uttered this ejaculation fervently, as a loud report, followed immediately by a sharp volley from small-arms, arrested our foolish talking.

For one moment longer we thought the firing was at the town we had just left, only heard with wonderful distinctness. Our exclamations were hardly uttered when the train, which had been running with constantly-decreasing speed, came to a sudden standstill. Instantly our hearts were in our mouths; we turned simultaneously to look out between the loosely-boarded sides of the cage that held us.

In the low, marshy green field lying below the high embankment—it was a hilly country, and there were many such—were breastworks, hastily thrown up; two or three small field-pieces, unlimbered and ready for action; and a hundred or two men in Confederate gray. What they were put there for remains as much a mystery to the present hour as it was at that minute.

Somebody in a lieutenant's uniform came forward and spoke to the engineer. Listening with eyes and heart and ears, we heard, alas!

"Don't go any farther," said the lieutenant. "Yanks are ahead—ten thousand strong."

"Goin' back, then," calmly said the engineer, who practised at least one Spartan virtue—brevity.

"Better stay where you are," said the lieutenant, argumentatively. "They are in front and rear—Stoneman's raid from Tennessee!"

That was it, you see. We had fled from Sherman, who was not coming at all, and had thrown ourselves into Stoneman's arms!

Well, I am glad to remember that, when the moment finally came which we had so long anticipated with such bitter dread, it found us very quiet and sensible. After a few moments of helpless expectancy on our



part, somebody came to the door, or rather to the open space at the end of the arrangement in which we were, and told us that we must descend the embankment, our position being one of peril in case of sudden firing, adding that an attack was momentarily expected, and that there had been desultory firing all the morning.

Whoever he was, this man was a gentleman by nature. I shall never forget his kindness. It was not much, indeed, that he could do; but that he did.

"I'm sorry for the chance that brings you here, ladies," said he, helping us down from the car. "You see we can't make much of a fight, our men can't; there ain't enough of us. I fear you will be prisoners before long. But take things quietly, and you'll get through all right, no doubt."

"What are the men here for, if they can't make much of a fight?" France asked, pertinently, and impertinently, too, I fear. "If they defend themselves, they will protect us."

"They'll hardly do either, miss," said the man, quietly touching his cap. "We are just put here as a sort of sop for a half-hour or so. The general hopes to get off with the ammunition-wagons, if we can stop the advance of the Yankees long enough. Most of us are standing on our own graves to-day, Miss."

Then we began the descent. We did not talk much. There was an ache in our throats, I think, that would have made crying easier than talking, after that last simple phrase of the man who was helping us.

That embankment was three hundred feet high; at least, I am firmly persuaded that it was; red clay on the surface—oh, the dear old Carolina clay! how my eyes and my heart have ached for a sight of you!—and, as it had been raining for three days, and was still drizzling, it was now red mud through to level ground. For once in my life, I was orthodox in regard to the material of which I was made. By the time we reached the bottom of the hill, it was patent to every sense that we were but "children of clay."

Once there, our kind conductor found some tolerably clean stones for us to sit upon; and, duty calling him, he touched his shabby gray cap with grave respect, and went his way. Duty called him a long distance that day. Two hours after, I saw that poorly-clad, weather-beaten figure lying prone upon the grass—very still. A red gash was across the temples; and the honest, brown face—grown strangely pallid—was turned toward the sky, whither his soul had fled, pray God!

It was heavy work, meantime, waiting, out there in the rain, for whatever allotment the future might have in store. And though, as I said, we were very quiet and well behaved, all things considered, I was glad when the unmistakable signs of action began to appear about us.

We were seated immediately at the foot, and to the right of the embankment, and were, of course, to some extent, protected by it. Just in front of us was a deep ravine, spanned by a stone bridge with three arches—the skirmish following was afterward called locally the battle of Stone Bridge—and the Confederate troops, not more than two or

three hundred in number, were posted a very considerable distance behind us, quite at the head of the rise from the ravine, the ascent being crowned by a masked battery of eight or ten pieces. Our position was a singularly unfortunate one. But, in the confusion and hurry, I suppose, very little was thought about us; and we, like Moore's oak, were "left where we lay." Nobody knew until afterward that Mrs. General P— (a person of much consideration in those days) was one of the ladies thus singularly situated.

Suddenly—"Look yonder!" whispered France, her eyes intent, and her lips white.

It was the Federal cavalry appearing on the ridge on the other side of the ravine.

At first there was a little desultory firing, which, to our untutored eyes, appeared to have no especial purpose, and to accomplish none.

Then there was silence—a breathless silence to us—for a few minutes; for, by the thrill in the air, the hush of expectancy behind us, the movements—ordered, no doubt, but not understood among us—of excitement in front, we knew that the stillness was pregnant with fate. A yell from the Federal lines broke it.

Then there followed a glorious and a fearful sight. If, when I reach the golden rest of heaven, no other sight or sound remains with me from these misty flats of earth, that will! The might and the power of it entered into my soul.

The Federal cavalry formed, and charged the battery.

Like a fierce and furious torrent they swept, yelling, down the hill-side, and, borne up again by the impetus of their descent, the thunders of the horses' feet, the lightning of their flashing sabres, the storm-cloud of war swirled past us up the hill.

Then the cannon woke. For a moment the charge faltered. The officer leading it half turned, rallying his men. He rose in his stirrups, waving his sabre about his head, cheering his men on—magnificent wrath in his eyes and in his ringing voice. At the instant the warm words fell from dead lips; the sabre flashed, and dropped heavily from dead hands. The officer reeled and fell like a log; his foot caught in the stirrup.

Then a sound, such as may be heard in hell, perhaps, but has no other echo on earth, sprang with one impulse from all those brazen throats. The fury of death and vengeance was in it. The cavalry tore forward, heedless of the thundering cannon. They reached the battery in a moment more.

I covered my face with my hands, and my sick heart tried to pray.

In five minutes the work was done. The guns were spiked, the position taken, the hundred or two, put there as a sop, had fulfilled their mission, and were either dead or prisoners.

We were of the latter. For perhaps fifteen minutes nobody took any especial notice of us; only some German soldiers strolled up, and walked around us, regarding us curiously, and making now and then short ejaculations in the honeyed accents of their native tongue. They appeared to regard us as curiosities indigenous to the country, made to be stared at.

Presently an officer came up, saluted us very politely, and inquired what we were doing there. Mrs. P— informed him, told him who we were, and said, smilingly, that, endeavoring to escape Sherman, we had unintentionally thrown ourselves upon Stoneman's protection.

The officer said, "Yes? hum!" and looked at us scrutinizingly. We were very muddy—we girls—and we may have blushed. He smiled.

Presently he remarked that we had better come "farther up," and he would see what provision could be made for us. We followed him very meekly, and, arriving "farther up," found the said provision to consist of the soaked trunk of a fallen tree, and an umbrella; we were politely requested to seat ourselves upon the tree—which we did with what grace was possible under the circumstances—and a soldier was stationed behind us to hold the umbrella. Upon consideration, I think this umbrella must have been introduced principally to suggest the large resources of the Federal army. A nation which provided such superfluities as this for its troops, would indubitably supply them well with every imaginative requisite. The umbrella was certainly superfluous, possessing, as it did, the unusual property of distributing more rain to those beneath its protection than was the portion of outsiders.

Two or three other officers now gathered about us, and began a conversation which was, on their part, chiefly interrogatory. They were evidently suspicious of us. They did not believe Mrs. P— was Mrs. P—. They could not credit that we were mere foolish refugees rushing from one danger into another; or, as I heard an honest Georgia "cracker" express it afterward, "jumpin' outen one ash-corner into another wus' ash-corner!" I don't know whether they suspected masked batteries in our pockets, or concealed dispatches in our hair, but evidently they were quite persuaded of something in Denmark very rotten indeed. However, by dint of simple and truthful answers, I think our cross-questioners were finally persuaded that we might perhaps be what we represented ourselves. And, finally, leaving a guard for us—think how honored we felt, with drawn bayonets on each side of us!—they busied themselves about more important matters.

The freight-train had, of course, by this time, been ransacked, and partly burned. And, throwing my disconsolate eyes around, what did I now behold? Half-way down the hill, upside down, were my beloved trunks, the bottoms ruthlessly pierced with bayonets, and thus broken and torn off; their spotless (once, alas!) contents strewn over the muddy grass, while a disorderly group of Germans and common soldiers examined the various articles, grinning over some, appropriating others, and destroying what they did not want. My serge—my brown-black three-hundred-dollars-a-yard beauty—my sweet alpaca, dirt cheap at three thousand! My heart bleeds to recall their fate. First, two miscreants tried them on, amid uproars of applause; and, not finding the fit perfect, they then deliberately tore them in strips from the hem to the waist, and walked about with a hundred broad, black

strings dangling and flying around their army trousers. I have lived through a great deal of pain and bitterness, but I don't know that I can recall a more poignant moment than that.

Meantime the greater part of Stoneman's command pushed forward and entered the town we had left—where, fortunately, no resistance was attempted—at about two o'clock in the afternoon.

It was nearly four, perhaps, when an officer in major's uniform rode up and informed us that, inquiries regarding us having resulted satisfactorily, we were graciously permitted to go home again.

Finally, minus every thing—serge, alpaca, underclothes, clothes, and jewels—minus all save mud, that dismal quartet was crowded upon a hand-car, and two brawny contrabands patiently turned the crank for the refugee prisoners—and for a consideration—until we reached the captured town; then, through the alien blue-dotted streets we wended our way back to my godmother's, no way sadder nor wiser, but considerably worse off than when we left her doors.

### MONTE CITORIO.

THE Italian Parliament, since its removal to Rome last year, holds its sessions in the Palazzo di Monte Citorio. This Monte Citorio is not one of the natural hills of Rome, but a small elevation created by the debris of an ancient amphitheatre. It is just in the rear of the Piazza Colonna, on the Corso.

The word *Citorio* is an abbreviation of *Acceptorio*, by which, for some not clearly understood reason, the hill was formerly called. On the summit of the gentle elevation is the Piazza Citorio, a small, open space, in the centre of which stands an Egyptian obelisk, brought to Rome by the Emperor Augustus, and erected at first in the Campo Marzio. Here it was overthrown, and got buried and forgotten. It was discovered in 1748, and was afterward placed where it now stands.

It is of red granite, sixty-eight feet high, covered with hieroglyphics that are wonderfully distinct, considering that they were cut three thousand years ago, in the reign of Psammetichus I.

On the north side of this piazza stands the palazzo. It is an immense and imposing edifice, begun in 1742, from the designs of the famous Bernini, who has left so many architectural monuments in Rome. This palace has long been appropriated as the seat of the higher courts of law. Here also were the offices of the papal notaries, auditors, chamberlains, and treasurers. A large court, ornamented with a fountain, is in the rear of the spacious building, and its lofty stories, its central, light, and airy situation, marked it out as a fit place for the halls of the Italian Parliament.

To prepare it for this purpose, large assembly and senate rooms have been made, with appropriate offices and committee apartments. Here the king, Victor Emmanuel, pronounced his first address in Rome, amid an enthusiasm which fitly signals one of the most memorable epochs in Italian history.

In the choice of a location for the assembling of the first Italian Parliament, doubtless there was a wish with some to go to the old Roman capitol, on the top of the Capitoline Hill. What associations throng around that spot! Here victorious generals were received in triumph, and orators like Cicero poured forth their immortal eloquence, and the Cæsars governed the whole world.

But the edifices which now crown that summit are comparatively small. They are museums of art, and are crowded with statues and paintings. The present Italian Government wastes nothing on mere sentiment. It is inspired by that Tuscan mind which is to Italy what New England is to the United States. It moves forward to its proposed ends with the most direct, practical common-sense. The time may come when a new Parliament-house, erected on the Capitoline Hill, may connect a great modern kingdom with the ancient glories of empire.

### THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

IN the early dawn did idly stand—  
Lord of the harvest came, and, in my hand  
Placing this lamp, said: "Lo, within the land  
A lavish treasure seek, and thou shalt find."  
With trembling hand the little lamp I shield,  
Searching with eager eyes through all the field—  
The task seems hopeless. Will it ever yield  
The looked-for treasure to my heart and mind!

The reapers, singing, press on either side,  
The fields of golden grain spread broad and wide.

"We feed the hungry!" that one passing cried.

I shield my little lamp and trembling stand;  
I dare not think of those that cry for bread—  
From gleaming of the scythes I turn my head.

They mock me now, but shall be glad instead  
When I the treasure find hid in the land.

Some sport upon the borders of the field,  
Plucking the flowers their sunny path doth yield;

They strive, in sport, to break the lamp I shield,  
Laughing with sunny eyes and dimpling cheek.

And now again I hear the reapers' song;  
With glowing eyes they bear their grain along,

Bound up in sheaves. Their work is brave and strong.  
With downcast eyes the treasure hid I seek.

"Where are your fruits? Behold our sheaves of grain.

Why seek ye that which ye shall seek in vain!"

I only turn my head away in pain,  
To hear the words the passing reaper saith.

I have no answer, but still dumbly stand,  
Shielding the little lamp with trembling hand,  
And seek the treasure hidden in the land.

Lord of the harvest, give Thy servant faith.

MARIA R. OAKET.

### BENSON JOHN LOSSING.

MR. LOSSING was born in the town of Beekman, Dutchess County, New York, on the 12th of February, 1813. His father died while the boy was an infant, leaving him to the care of his mother, an exemplary member of the Methodist Church. She, too, departed this life when her son was but eleven years of age. For a while he was employed upon a farm near the place of his birth, doing a boy's work, but, the occupation not suiting him, in the autumn of 1826 he was apprenticed to a watchmaker in the then village of Poughkeepsie, the capital of his native county. His conduct was so satisfactory during the period of his apprenticeship that, before its expiration, his employer made him an offer of partnership in his business, which was accepted in the spring of 1833.

During his apprenticeship he devoted every spare moment, and hours often stolen from his needed rest, to study, but his means and opportunities for obtaining books were extremely limited. His first sight of a history of any kind was when he had nearly attained the age of fourteen years, when he accidentally fell in with an odd volume of Gibbon's "Rome;" and his biographical reading then was limited to the Bible and one volume of Marshall's "Life of Washington."

Mr. Lossing's business connection was not only unsuccessful but disastrous, and at the end of two years he relinquished it. In the autumn of 1835 he became joint owner, with the late E. B. Killey, of the *Poughkeepsie Telegraph*, then the official Democratic newspaper of Dutchess County. In January following he, in connection with Mr. Killey, commenced the publication of a small semi-monthly paper, devoted to literature and the arts, entitled the *Poughkeepsie Casket*, which was edited solely by Mr. Lossing, who was then twenty-three years of age, which at that time was considered a remarkable undertaking for one so young. It became a great favorite throughout Dutchess and the neighboring counties, and gave evident tokens of the correct taste and sound judgment of its youthful editor. Having an excellent taste for art, and being desirous of illustrating his little periodical, he placed himself for a fortnight under the tuition of Mr. J. A. Adams, an eminent wood-engraver of New York. He learned the art so rapidly that, at the end of a month, one of his woodcuts was used in the *New-York Mirror* in illustrating an Indian legend, which he also wrote, of the Winneke, the aboriginal name of the Fallkill that runs through Poughkeepsie.

In the summer of 1838 Mr. Lossing went to New York, to seek improvement in the use of his pencil by drawing in the National Academy of Design. While engaged there he was invited by Mr. J. S. Redfield, then the publisher of the *Family Magazine*, to edit and illustrate that work, which he accepted, and the last two volumes of that periodical were issued under his literary and artistic supervision. Meanwhile, he had established himself permanently in the city as an engraver on wood. While engaged throughout the day in his engraving business, he performed his

editorial labors at night, and at the first break of dawn, while others were still sleeping, and the city just emerging from darkness. From 1843 to 1868, in connection with William Barritt, one of his pupils, he conducted the largest and most excellent wood-engraving establishment in the city of New York, and furnished to the books and periodicals published in the United States some of the best specimens of that art.

In the winter of 1840-'41 he wrote his first book, "An Outline History of the Fine Arts," published by Harper & Brothers as No. 103 of their "Family Library." In 1846-'47 he wrote "Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-six; or, the War for Independence," and edited a small paper entitled the *Young People's Mirror*, both published by Edward Walker.

In June, 1848, Mr. Lossing conceived the plan of the "Pictorial Field-book of the Revolution." He defined the size of the proposed pages; drew some rough sketches in sepia as indications of the manner in which he intended to introduce the illustrations; and, with a general description of the plan of his work, submitted it to the consideration of Messrs. Harper & Brothers. Four days afterward they had concluded a bargain with him, involving an expenditure of much labor and many thousands of dollars; and, within a month afterward, he was on his way to the battle-fields and other localities of interest connected with the War for Independence. In the collection of his materials he travelled upward of nine thousand miles, not in a continuous journey from place to place, but in a series of journeys undertaken whenever he could leave his regular business, the supervision of which he never omitted. Although the "Field-book" was upward of four years in hand, yet the aggregate time occupied in travelling, making sketches and notes, drawing a large portion of the pictures on the blocks for engraving, and writing the work, was only about twenty months. The work was published in thirty numbers, the first issued on the 1st of June, 1850, the last in December, 1852. It was just beginning to be widely and most favorably known, and was enjoy-

ing a rapidly-increasing sale, when the great conflagration of the Harpers' establishment, in 1853, destroyed the whole remainder of the edition. It was out of print for two years, but a new and revised edition was put to press in March, 1855.

Then followed other works, of which a list is here given: "Lives of the Presidents of the United States," pp. 130; "The New World," pp. 100; "The Ohio Book," pp. 100; "Biographical Sketches of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence," pp. 132; "Marriage of Pocahontas" (in pamphlet form), pp. 8; "Pictorial Histories of the United States,"

Verron and its Associations," pp. 375; "Recollections and Private Memoirs of Washington, by his Adopted Son, George Washington Parke Custis, with Illustrations and Explanatory Notes by B. J. L.," pp. 644; "Life of Washington," 3 volumes, illustrated, pp. 2,158; "MacFingal, an Epic Poem by John Trumbull, with Introduction and Notes by B. J. L.," pp. 322; "Diary of Washington, annotated by B. J. L.," pp. 504 (vol. ii. is now in preparation); "Field-Book of the War of 1812," illustrated, pp. 1,069; "The Hudson, from the Wilderness to the Sea," pp. 464; "Vassar College and its Founder," pp. 175; "Civil War in America," 3 volumes, pp. 1,950; "Pictorial History of the United States, from the Earliest Times to the Present," pp. 760; German edition of the same, pp. 780; "First in Peace" (a pamphlet), pp. 8; "Poems by William Wilson, edited, with a Memoir, by B. J. L.," pp. 170; "The Home of Washington," pp. 446; "Memoir of Lieutenant John T. Greble," pp. 100; "A History of England, Political, Military, and Social, from the Earliest Times to the Present," pp. 647.

In October, 1870, he read a very interesting paper before the New York Historical Society (of which he is a member), relating to Alexander Anderson, the first engraver on wood in America; an article so highly appreciated by the members of that society, that they ordered it to be printed.

He has also contributed many valuable

papers to various publications of the day, especially to *Harper's Magazine*, in a series of biographical and historical articles, in which his pen and pencil were equally employed.

In addition to these literary labors, he has accepted the editorial chair of a monthly published by Messrs. Chase & Town, of Philadelphia, issued under the title of *The American Historical Record and Repertory of Notes and Queries*, the first number of which appeared in January, 1872. The publishers of this periodical have shown sound judgment in selecting him as its editor; probably no American is so well qualified as he for the special work upon which he has entered.



BENSON JOHN LOSSING.

for schools and families; a series of 4 volumes. "The Cenotaph; or, Brief Memoirs of Eminent Americans," pp. 400; "Martha Washington" (in pamphlet form), pp. 8; "Journal of two Private Soldiers, 1758-'75, with Notes and Supplement by B. J. L.," pp. 128. With the late Edwin Williams, "The National History of the United States," 2 volumes, pp. 1,400; with the same, "The Statesman's Manual," 4 volumes; "Family Pictorial History of the United States," illustrated, pp. 778; "The Old Farm and the New Farm, a Political Allegory by Francis Hopkinson, with an Introduction, Notes, and Illustrations, by B. J. L.," pp. 76; "Mount



Upon the highest point of one of the many ranges which pass through Dutchess County, and in a picturesque part of his native place, which has witnessed his early struggles as an orphan boy, and the success which has crowned his labors of head and hand, he resides, surrounded by his family, on a beautiful farm of some three hundred and fifty acres. From his residence one may look, upon one hand, far over into the ranges of Ulster and Sullivan Counties; while, upon the other, far away into the fertile valleys of Connecticut, giving one of the most magnificent views to be found in the country. There he has a choice library of about five thousand volumes, contained in a fire-proof building. His books are chiefly upon historical and biographical subjects, though he has many of a miscellaneous character. Among the latter is a fine copy of Ovid's "Metamorphoses," translated in Virginia by Edwin Sandys (the first book ever made in this country), and bearing the autograph of Miles Standish, 1643. He has a large collection of autographs of distinguished men, among them may be mentioned over forty of Washington's manuscript letters, and those of other eminent men who are conspicuous in our history. His cabinet of curiosities, composed chiefly of historical relics, is an attractive one to the antiquary. Among them may be mentioned a portion of Mrs. Washington's wedding-dress; a piece of a curtain brought over in the May Flower; a small portion of the flag of Fort Sumter; a cane, gold-mounted, made of the wood of Perry's flag-ship in the battle of Lake Erie, etc.

G. W. WILLIS.

### SOME RARE OLD BOOKS.

THERE seems to be a general impression that, beyond the scanty remains of the extensive literature of Greece, and the abundance of Indian books, the nations of the ancient world have left us nothing to show their modes of thought, except the ruins of their temples, palaces, and tombs. This is not quite correct; each of the great peoples of the past has left some literary remains, and we propose to give a short description of these ancient books, in evidence of the mental standing of their writers.

The ancient Egyptians had an extensive literature. Many of their manuscript-books, written on papyrus, are still extant. They possessed whole libraries of such works. In the ruins of the Ramesseum, at Karnak, the hall of one of these libraries has been found, sacred to Thoth, the God of Science, and to Sakh, the Goddess of Literature; but of all its collection of books, that might have made clear so much of the mystery of the past, not a shred remains.

The work most commonly found is that known as the "Funeral Ritual"—a great sacred book, containing the Egyptian idea of the movements of the soul after death. A copy of this work, more or less complete, was deposited in every mummy-case. Parts of this "Book of Manifestation to Light," which was its Egyptian name, are of the highest antiquity, and its contents are very curious. It opens with a grand dialogue between

the deceased and the deity of Hades, praying for admission to his dominions, the prayer being aided by a chorus of glorified souls. Many chapters follow, describing the various funeral ceremonies. The soul next passes through the gate of Kar Neter, enters the subterranean region, and is dazzled by the underground sun. It here acquires knowledge necessary to its future progress, in a mystified explanation of a vignette of symbols, of which the interpretation is more obscure than the symbols. Then follows a series of prayers, used during embalming. The soul, now provided with knowledge, finds itself unable to move, and prays the gods to restore its faculties. It desires to be able to stand upright, to walk, speak, eat, and fight.

Continuing its journey, it passes a region infested with horrible monsters. It is attacked by crocodiles, serpents, tortoises, and other reptilian foes. Fierce combats ensue. The spirit and the animals address insulting speeches to each other, much in the manner of Homer's heroes. Finally, the wanderer forces a passage, and sings a song of triumph, likening himself to all the gods. After a rest he continues the journey, and next passes through a long series of strange transformations. He becomes successively a hawk, an angel, a lotus, the god Ptah, a heron, a crane, a human-headed bird, a swallow, a serpent, and a crocodile.

After these changes the soul unites with the body, and it was for this reason that embalming was deemed necessary. He next passes the dwelling of Thoth, who gives him a book of instructions. Shortly afterward he reaches the banks of the river, beyond which lie the Elysian fields. Here a false boatman waylays him, and tries to deceive him, and to induce him to enter his boat. He escapes this danger, and finds the right boat. Before entering, he is obliged to answer numerous questions of the boatman; while each part of the boat addresses him, and demands to know its mystical name.

Having crossed the river, he enters the valley of Balot. This is a real subterranean Egypt, and a picture of it is given, accompanying the description. He next traverses the labyrinth by aid of a clew, and enters the judgment-hall, where sit Osiris and forty-two terrible judges. Here proof of his knowledge is required. Each judge in turn demands his own mystical name, and he is obliged to give the meaning of each name. He is also required to give an account of his whole life. He declares that he has not committed certain crimes, and speaks of the good he has done. These questions and answers show a high standard of morality in the Egyptian nation, surpassing that of any other ancient people. Passing his examination successfully, the great Osiris pronounces his sentence, and he is ready to enter into bliss.

The third part of the ritual follows, and is more mystical and obscure than the others. We see the Osiris, as the soul is now called, identified with the sun, traversing the various houses of heaven, and the lake of fire, the source of all light. The work closes with a seeming identification of the deceased with a symbolical figure, comprising all the attributes of all the Egyptian deities.

In this curious work, part of which was so ancient as to have become obscure at a very remote date, and to have required explanations, which have left it as mystical as before, we see shadowy indications of the origin of many later mythological notions. The Charon of the Greeks, with much of their detail of the soul's journey, is plainly prefigured; while the lake of fire, the judgment, and other particulars, seem to prefigure still later beliefs.

But the Egyptians had works of a widely-different character from this monument of ancient mythology. There has been found, engraved on the walls of the Ramesseum, on those of the temple at Ipsamboul, and also on papyrus, an epic poem, about as long as one book of the "Iliad," describing a feat of Rameses II., or Sesostris, performed during his wars with the Syrians. The truth probably was, that the enemy surprised him, attended by a small escort, and that he sustained himself till the main army arrived. This simple fact is wrought out by the imagination of the poet into a deed of magnificent dimensions, in which the king, single-handed, rends a passage through the whole army of his foes.

There are some remains of Egyptian historical annals, but they chiefly refer to the events of a single reign or dynasty. In the Turin Museum is a papyrus, containing a list of all the mythical or historical personages believed to have reigned in Egypt. Unfortunately, the concluding portion of it is lost, and the remainder is in very small pieces—one hundred and sixty-four in all—which it is often impossible to join correctly. In the main, it confirms the lists of Manetho. In the National Library at Paris are the walls of a small chamber, on which is delineated Thothmes III. making offerings to sixty-one of his predecessors. Tablets, giving other lists of kings and dynasties, have been discovered under the ruins of Abydos. These are the principal connected historical works, though documents relating to one dynasty or one reign are almost innumerable.

These latter are of two kinds—manuscripts on papyrus and monumental inscriptions. The first comprise poems of kingly exploits, literary compositions, correspondence, registers of accounts, etc. The latter consist of inscriptions on detached steles, or on the temple-walls, often with great colored bass-reliefs, illustrating military exploits. There are some poems of considerable length, quite biblical in treatment, describing campaigns to their minutest details.

In the Turin Museum is the fragment of a geographical chart, of the reign of Seti I., displaying the region of the Nubian gold-mines. Other papyri, chiefly in the British Museum, form collections of letters of celebrated writers, preserved as models of style. There are also collections of literary exercises, religious romances, treatises on medicine—which show a very low state of medical knowledge—a papyrus with a dozen geometrical theorems, and some scientific papers, which show considerable progress in astronomy.

As a specimen of Egyptian poetry, we give a few verses, translated from the poetical inscription on a monumental stele at Karnak, erected to commemorate the naval

exploits of Thothmes III. It breathes a lyrical spirit, and possesses a certain grandeur of diction, which our ideas of the literature of ancient Egypt do not prepare us for:

"I am come—to thee have I given to strike down Syrian princes;

Under thy feet they lie throughout the breadth of their country.

Like to the Lord of Light I made them see thy glory,

Blinding their eyes with light, the earthly image of Amen.

"I am come—to thee have I given to strike down Asian people;

Captive now hast thou led the proud Assyrian chieftains;

Decked in royal robes, I made them see thy glory,

All in glittering arms and fighting high in thy war-car.

"I am come—to thee have I given to strike down Western nations,

Cyprus both and the Ases have heard thy name with terror;

Like a strong-horned bull, I made them see thy glory,

Strong, with piercing horns, so that none can stand before him.

"I am come—to thee have I given to strike down Libyan archers;

All the isles of the Greeks submit to the force of thy spirit;

Like a lion in prey, I made them see thy glory,

Couched by the corpse he has made down in the rocky valley.

"I am come—to thee have I given the ends of the ocean;

In the grasp of thy hand is the circling zone of waters,

Like the soaring eagle, I made them see thy glory,

Whose far-seeing eye there is none can hope to escape from."

Asia, the birthplace of civilization, possesses several important specimens of its ancient literature. The "Rig Veda," that remarkable monument of the early Indians, is probably the oldest book in existence, though it may possibly be paralleled by portions of Zoroaster's works; since, if the Greeks are any authority, he lived ages before the time now assigned him. The Hebrew Scriptures come next to these in date. Then Homer, and some other Ionian works. Possibly some portions of Chinese literature may exceed any of these in date.

But, besides these written books, South-western Asia is full of inscriptions. These are found abundantly in Arabia and Syria, one of the most remarkable being that latest found—the celebrated Moabite stone. But Assyria and Chaldea are to us the main sources of the literary remains of ancient Asia. There inscriptions are found amounting to "whole libraries of annals and works of science and literature."

Some of the inscriptions of the Assyrian kings might, from their length, be called books. The annals of their reigns are related in detail, the style being inflated, but the diction powerful and striking. They employ metaphors with skill and force, giving the inscriptions a sort of epic vigor.

All the remains of works which can properly be called books were found during Layard's excavations, and compose the library of King Ashurbanipal, which occupied a portion of his palace at Nineveh. These works consist of flat, square tablets of baked

clay, inscribed on both sides with cursive characters of the cuneiform alphabet, made very small and closely written. These characters were impressed on the moist clay, each tablet being numbered, and thus forming the page of a book. They were probably piled on each other in the library.

The great mass of these tablets, now in the British Museum, form the remains of a great grammatical encyclopædia, treating of the difficulties of the writing as well as of the language. Great advance had been made in the science of grammar among the Assyrians. In fact, their mode of writing grew difficult and obscure even to themselves, and needed dictionaries and grammars to make the more ancient writings readable.

This encyclopædia consists of several parts, comprising a lexicon of the Chaldean language, translated into Assyrian; a dictionary of Assyrian synonyms, of the meanings of cuneiform signs, and of particular expressions; and a grammar of Assyrian, with the conjugation of the verbs. It may readily be understood that this work has been highly serviceable to investigators.

Besides this, there are parts of many other books. Among these are legal fragments, relating contracts between private parties, and giving accounts of judicial proceedings. These were probably intended as authorities. There are also works on chronology, being tables of the eponyms. These were officers annually appointed by the court, each of them giving his own name to the current year. Some of these lists are rendered valuable by their giving a summary of the principal events of each year.

Some fragments remain of mythological works—among them a record of the various epithets applied to the gods, the localities of their temples, and documents concerning foreign gods; also the remnant of a collection of hymns, whose style recalls that of the Psalms of David.

Another encyclopedical work enumerates the towns, countries, mountains, and rivers, known to Assyria, gives a list of proper names, statistics of production, and the revenues of provinces, lists of tributary cities, with the tribute of each; also a catalogue of the important buildings, temples, pyramids, and fortifications. Natural history is represented by lists of known plants and minerals, of timber-trees used in building or furnishing, of metals, and of stones fit for building or sculpture; also a list of all the animals known to Assyria, classified in families and genera, on a system similar in principle to that of Linnæus. This shows developed powers of thought, as well as of observation, on the part of this remarkable people.

Mathematics and astronomy are among the subjects treated of; the latter giving catalogues of observations of fixed stars, the risings of the planets, the moon's phases and its mean daily movement, from which they were enabled to predict eclipses. The Chaldeans originated the division of the ecliptic into the twelve signs of the zodiac, the figures of the constellations, the division of the circle into 360°, and discovered that a chord of the circle equal to the radius measures an arc of 60°. They also gave us the divisions of the de-

gree into 60 minutes, these into 60 seconds, etc. The week of seven days is a Chaldean institution, each day being dedicated to one of the planets, which they worshipped as divine; also the division of the day into 24 hours, and these into minutes and seconds. Their system was extended into a great cycle of 43,200 years, which was divided into 12 cosmic hours of 3,600 years each; these into six parts of 600 years each, and these again into 16 cosmic minutes of 60 years each, so that a single year represented a second of the great period.

This duodecimal system was used in all their computations, and originated all we possess of the same system; so that in this respect they were more advanced than we yet are, with our more cumbersome decimal system, derived from the ten-finger computations of savages. Their system of measurement also resembled the highly-perfected metrical system of France, being derived from a primitive linear measure, the cubit of 20.67 inches. They, in common with the Egyptians, had a mean year of 365½ days.

Besides the above-described library, countless inscriptions are found throughout Mesopotamia. The bricks of the palaces are stamped with names; in the Chaldean ruins are thousands of stamped clay tablets, in every important building are clay cylinders, giving particulars as to its erection and its founder, and historical inscriptions are abundant throughout the country.

The reading of these tablets and inscriptions is evidence of a great victory of modern linguists, equal to that gained over the hieroglyphics by Champollion's reading of the Rosetta-stone inscription. The key to the mysterious cuneiform writing was found in the inscription at Behistun, in Persia, where Darius Hystaspes smoothed the side of a mountain to inscribe on it a record of his reign. This record is three times repeated in the languages of Persia, Media, and Assyria. The Persian has been read since the commencement of the present century, and served as a key to the others. Sir Henry Rawlinson copied this inscription under great difficulties, and, aided by the labors of Dr. Hinks and M. Jules Oppert, has succeeded in unlocking the mystery of the Assyrian language.

The above details give some of the first fruits of this grand work of analysis, and may be taken as earnest of greater results in the future, of which we have evidence in Rawlinson's late announcement that he had read a remarkable confirmation of the record of Genesis on some of the Assyrian tablets the British Museum.

CHARLES MORRIS.

## NEW-HAMPSHIRE WATERS.

THE White Hills, and the diversified landscapes among the lesser elevations of the Granite State, abound in the element without which no natural scenery can attain the last reach of beauty—clear, deep waters. The streams, that tumble everywhere over rough but clean granite beds, are as pure and transparent as any that murmur on the



LAKE WINNEPESGEE.

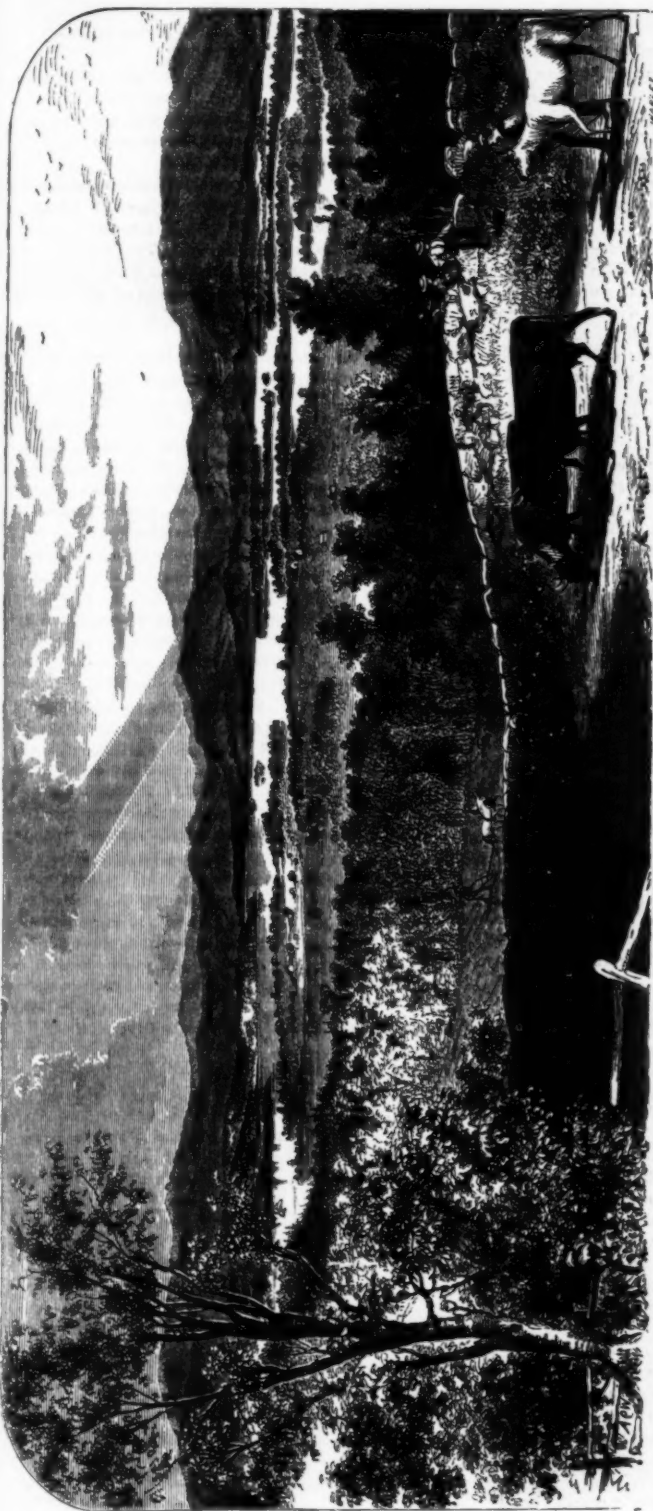
ear of the Arcadian dreamer; and the lakes that lie embosomed among the hills, or stretch their arms into half a dozen townships, are generally deep, with well-defined shores and frequent islands, rocky at the water's edge, but rich in verdure above. Winnepesaukee is the largest and best known of the lakes; but there are numerous others, whose names will at once occur to him who was born here, or who has spent much time in this region—a region that smiles as sweetly on the artist as it frowns discouragingly on the agriculturist; that tempts the mechanic with a thousand mill-privileges, and bewilders the poet with a thousand varied pictures of lofty peak and deep-cut valley, of solemn cliff and hurrying stream, of barren slopes and breezy intervals, where the titanic boulder is poised threateningly above the little harvests nodding drowsily to the summer wind. Squam, and Ossipee, and Sunapee, and New Found, and Mascoma, and Penacook, and other smaller but scarcely less beautiful lakes, will rise in enchanting *mirage* on the vision of the New-Hampshire born-and-bred, who may read this paragraph in every State and Territory of our broad domain.

Winnepesaukee, whose name is somewhat doubtfully translated "Smile of the Great Spirit," lies almost in the centre of the State, and may be said, in a general way, to divide the mountain-region from the lowlands. The shape, which gives it such a sprawly, crab-like appearance on the map, contributes not a little to the beauty of its surroundings. A leisurely cruise here is a perpetual series of surprises—long-reaching peninsulas and far-retreating bays, wooded promontories and rocky islets, bold headlands and gentle slopes, sprinkled here and there with white-walled villages, mock vistas in the transparent element beneath, with inverted forests and hanging rocks and fallen sky, real vistas in the scarcely more transparent element around you, with the blue mystery in the foreground, the colonnade of successive capes on either hand, the sunny uplands in the middle distance, and the eternal mountains rising over all.

The local traditional belief is, that the islands number three hundred and sixty-five—"one for each day in the year." I believe actual enumeration makes them but seventy; which the geographical scholar, who must have coincidences, can just as well remember by remarking that it is one for every year of man's allotted life.

The islands vary in extent from a few yards to half a dozen square miles. The larger ones are Long Island, Diamond Island, Governor's Island, Bear Island, Cow Islands—and of course there is a Rattlesnake Island. Every locality in our country has an island, or a hill, or a creek, or a pond, or something else, named after this melodious reptile. I suppose the average American would hardly feel at home in heaven unless he found there a Rattlesnake Knoll, or a Rattlesnake Pasture; and either he would sigh for a return to his native land, or else he would at once proceed to bestow the romantic and suggestive title upon one of the delectable mountains—if only to teach the celestials the true science of nomenclature.





SQUAM LAKE.

A ramble over one of these larger islands presents a mingled and changing scene of rock and wood and dell, with a hundred living pictures through the parted trees, and now and then a sudden halt at the edge of a perpendicular cliff, with sandy beach and foamy ripple far beneath you.

The accompanying view is taken from a point on the hills back of Centre Harbor, looking eastward down the lake and across Moultonborough Neck, with the Oasipee Mountains in the distance, and "the Pigwacket country," as it was called before advancing civilization and refined orthography had from this discordant root developed the more musical Pequaket.

Five miles west of Winnipiseogee is Squam Lake, and between them rises Red Hill, to the height of twenty-five hundred feet, from whose summit is obtained the finest view of either lake. Squam also has its rock-laid and green-capped islets, its white sandy beaches, its wooded shores, and its girdling mountains. The accompanying view is taken from a point on the eastern shore, looking to the northwest. The highest mountains in sight are Squam (toward the right) and Prospect (to the left); but a little more elevation would reveal the blue peaks of the Franconia range, down whose precipitous faces lapse the streams that gladden the happy valley of the Pemigewasset.

ROSSITER JOHNSON.

## BEETHOVEN.

IT was a stormy winter evening. The snow fell in large flakes on the dirty pavements of Vienna. Already the narrow streets were nearly impassable. The piles of snow grew large and larger by the efforts of the burghers to keep the walk clear before their doors.

And just there where locomotion had become most difficult an elegant equipage seemed determined to pass. It was in full gala; on each side, as was the custom of the time, there walked, or rather waded, a "runner" in livery, carrying a long-handled torch, from which the burning pitch dripped continually, compelling the passers-by to hug the wall.

The carriage was compelled to stop; the piles of snow made it impossible to pass. The occupant opened the door, and called out to a policeman who chanced to be standing near:

"Can't we get through?"

"Not for a full hour, count," was the reply.

Upon receiving this assurance, the gentleman sprang from the carriage, told the coachman to get home the best way he could, and continued his way on foot.

"Was not that the 'musical count?'" inquired a by-stander.

"Yes," was the laconic reply of the municipal official, as he turned and continued his round.

"I should like to know what brings the count into this neighborhood at this hour and on such a night?" said the inquisitive individual to his comrade; and both quickened

their pace, in order, it seemed, to satisfy their curiosity.

The count soon turned into a side-street, and entered the portal of one of the first houses.

The bell he pulled must have been as large as a chapel-bell, for it resounded through the whole building.

"Is Herr van Beethoven at home?" asked the count of the woman who opened the door.

"Your name, if you please."

The count gave her his card. The woman went into the adjoining room with it, returning almost immediately, and apparently much surprised, with the request that he would go in. As the count entered the room, Beethoven rose from the piano, and, coming forward, asked:

"How can I serve you, count?"

And, as he had mislaid his "conversation-book," he handed his visitor a sheet of paper, on which to write his reply.

"The favor I come to ask I fear hardly justifies my disturbing you at your work," wrote the count.

"Oh, I am not so pressed for time. You have a favor to ask? If it be in my power to oblige you in any way, I beg that you will command me."

"I am not unmindful of what is due to so great a master," said the count.

"May I know in what way I can be of service to you?" asked Beethoven, with a slight frown.

"I come to beg that you will honor me with your presence at my next *soirée*. You will meet many of your friends and acquaintances."

"Friends? Perhaps. Acquaintances? That is more likely."

"May I expect you, then?"

"I appreciate the honor you do me, count, and therefore I should be ungrateful if I were not to come."

Beethoven was in a happy frame of mind that day, at least he was in a much better humor than usual. And then from no one would a visit have been more welcome to the great *maestro* than from the amiable and accomplished Count Dietrichstein.

His good-humor had not left him on the following day, when, as was his habit, he went to spend an hour in the tap-room of the Blumenstöckel. It was apparent that he was even in a mood to invite conversation, which he usually avoided, in part, perhaps, on account of his deafness. He had been seated but a few minutes when an elderly man approached, bowed respectfully, and spoke to him.

Beethoven drew a pencil from his breast-pocket, turned the bill of fare over, showing the blank side, and laid both before the stranger, when the following conversation ensued:

"You will, perhaps, pardon my boldness, Herr Capellmeister, when I tell you that I am one of your greatest admirers."

"Very complimentary."

"And I trust you will not be offended if I take the liberty to assure you that I have been much grieved to hear that so distinguished a man as the Herr Capellmeister

should sometimes be greatly in want of money."

"It now and then happens, nevertheless."

"I should esteem it an honor if I were allowed to come to your assistance, at such times, with the little I have."

"Humph! you don't seem to be in your right mind."

"Oh, Herr Capellmeister, my admiration for your genius is so great! Unfortunately, I have only a hundred florins with me at the moment."

"And no note—no nothing?"

"Just for form's sake, you will be so good as to put your name to this paper. At no very distant day your autograph will be worth more than a hundred florins."

"You are a fool, sir! But, let me see. You offer me a hundred florins, and this paper reads: 'Three months after date I promise to pay two hundred florins.' I humbly beg your pardon, sir, for calling you a fool, when, in fact, you are a villain."

Beethoven spoke the last words in such a stentorian tone, rising at the same time to his feet, that the miserable usurer, who was evidently well informed with regard to Beethoven's circumstances, sat for a moment the picture of terror. Then, recovering his presence of mind, the "admirer" of the great master slunk away without any attempt to brave the indignation of his intended victim. He was no sooner out of sight than Beethoven burst into a hearty laugh, so comical did the scene appear to him. This incident contributed, doubtless, to keep him in good-humor for the remainder of the day.

In the evening, when he started for the *soirée*, he found one of Count Dietrichstein's carriages at his door. A footman asked him to make use of it, but the musician preferred to go on foot, bad as the condition of the streets was.

When he entered the count's *salon*, he was quickly surrounded by the host and a number of well-known persons, mostly acquaintances, and all either men of letters or artists. Beethoven was in excellent spirits, and conversed with great animation. His manner was so easy and elegant, and at times he was so witty, that all present were charmed with him.

A few days afterward the count, in conversation with the Emperor Francis, took occasion to mention Beethoven in connection with his *soirée*.

"See now how this man is calumniated," said his majesty. "Then his manners were really quite unobjectionable?"

"I can assure your majesty he is a very elegant man of the world."

"Do you know, count, I am right glad to hear you say so? I should long since have invited him to court, but, to tell you the truth, I was afraid of him. Not on account of his political notions, nor because he is in the habit of expressing them wherever he may be; on the contrary, I like to have every man speak his mind, provided he do so in seemly terms."

"I can only repeat what I have already said—that all present at my last *soirée* were charmed with him."

"Then I shall see that I have a personal acquaintance with this remarkable man."

"I feel confident that Beethoven will not prove unworthy of your majesty's favor."

"Well, we shall see."

About a fortnight after this conversation took place, one of the emperor's chamberlains called on Beethoven and handed him a paper, on which the maestro read:

"His majesty the emperor has commanded me to invite Herr van Beethoven to a musical *soirée*, to be given in his majesty's apartments, on — evening. The emperor is all the more desirous Herr van Beethoven should be present, inasmuch as one of his compositions will be played."

Beethoven was astonished. With the exception of the Grand-duke Rudolph, not a member of the imperial court had ever deigned to invite him. The reason was found in his republican ideas, or rather in the fearlessness with which he was always ready to express them. This invitation to appear at court took the maestro, therefore, quite by surprise. Not knowing what to say in reply, he bowed silently, and the chamberlain went his way.

Whether Beethoven intended to comply with the emperor's wishes, and appear at the musical reunion or not, we cannot tell. But, when the evening and the hour came, he was found, as usual at that time of day, in the tap-room of the *Schnecke*. It was not long till the same chamberlain, who had been the bearer of the invitation, also appeared in the tap-room of the *Schnecke*. The courtier was out of breath, and seemed not a little excited. At court they waited for Beethoven, and, as he did not come, the chamberlain went in search of him. In vain the courtier urged one reason after another why the wish of his majesty should be complied with. Beethoven was immovable. Finally the chamberlain thought to attain his end by appealing to the pride of the composer.

"And then I forgot to tell you," said he, "that they will play one of your quartets, and that the emperor himself will play a part in it."

"One of my quartets, eh? Humph! I'll venture to say I have heard it much better played than they will play it."

This reply was too much for the chamberlain; he made good speed back to the palace, and Beethoven remained undisturbed at the *Schnecke*.

Little as this occurrence was known, it, notwithstanding, had the effect to make the number of invitations he received from the aristocracy still more rare, which vexed no one less than it did Beethoven. Nevertheless, a foreign prince, who spent the following summer in Vienna, insisted that the great maestro should grace a musical *soirée* he gave with his presence. Beethoven seemed inclined to comply with the prince's request, for, on the evening of the entertainment, he took the stage-coach at Heiligenstadt, where he was spending the summer, and rode into the city. At the *Freiung* the passengers got out, Beethoven with the rest. But, instead of directing his steps to the house where he

was expected, he entered the *café* of the hotel "To the Roman Emperor," thinking, doubtless, that it was too early for the *soirée*. He ordered a cup of coffee and picked up a newspaper, in the reading of which he became so absorbed that he took no note of the time until it began to be late, when he rose, and, without paying for his coffee, hurried out at a side-door.

Unfortunately, it so happened that there was a new waiter in the *café* that day, to whom Beethoven was not known.

"Heh, there!" he cried out, "you have not paid for your coffee."

Beethoven, not hearing, continued on his way; but the waiter, determined he should not escape, hurried after him. In the hall he caught up with Beethoven and seized him by the arm.

"Well, what is it?" asked the maestro, in ill-humor at being detained.

"Pay me!" cried the waiter. "Ah, you old rascal, I'll learn you a lesson!"

Beethoven, not understanding his assailant, and thinking him crazy, tried to shake him off, but the waiter grasped his collar and held him fast. The struggle that ensued called the proprietor and several of the guests of the *café* to the scene; they quickly set matters right, but Beethoven, in consequence of the unlucky *intermezzo*, was so excited that he took the next coach for home.

The prince was disappointed, therefore, in not having Beethoven among his guests, but his highness's disappointment was trifling in comparison with the *café*-proprietor's indignation at the unfortunate waiter for his brutality toward the great maestro. The proprietor, encouraged by his guests, used such offensive language in censuring the course of the really innocent waiter that he was goaded to reply in terms that led to a scene, which ended in his falling into the hands of the police. Nor did his misfortunes end here. After spending some days in close confinement, as a punishment for his evincing a lack of humility in the presence of the representatives of the law—in consequence, doubtless, of his feeling that he was unjustly dealt with—he was sent to an Austrian garrison to serve for a term of years as a common soldier. This was a method long resorted to in Austria for disposing of objectionable persons.

When Beethoven, in the course of the following week, revisited the *café*, the proprietor hastened to express his regrets that the unpleasant incident should have occurred, adding that he already had ample satisfaction, inasmuch as the "brutal fellow" was already carrying a musket.

"And what satisfaction can that be to me?" cried Beethoven, highly indignant.

He immediately took steps to have the young man released, and did not relax his efforts until his object was accomplished. Beethoven's goodness of heart and love of justice were among the strongest traits of his character.

But there came at last one invitation to which the great maestro responded most willingly—the one that came on March 26, 1827, to lay himself down to eternal rest.

His readiness to receive the final summons

was apparent in the observation he made to the friends who stood around his death-bed: "Amici, comœdia finita est" ("Friends, the comedy is at an end").

## OUR LUCKY DAY.

THERE is no lack of remarkable days, in the lives of great heroes and humble yeomen alike. Cæsar had his ominous ides of March, and Jack the sailor dreads evil Friday. The almanacs of every nation on earth are filled with mysterious signs, telling the credulous husbandman when to sow and when to reap; and the customs and usages of all lands designate certain days as favorable or fatal to weddings. The one common feature in all these superstitions is, however, the evil augury which seems invariably to attach itself to such peculiar days: they bring death, according to an old prophecy; or, at least, they are disastrous to weighty enterprises. They are anticipated with vague but harassing doubt; they are passed in deadly dread; and they leave behind them, even when all has gone well, but an increased fear of what they may bring in their speedy return. All the more gratifying is it, therefore, to meet with one of those rare days which seem, in advance, to have been marked with a white stone, and which, not superstition, but history itself, points out to us as full of happy auguries. Every now and then, a man is heard to boast that such a day has for many years been propitious to all his plans; and occasionally real good-fortune has come, with strange and startling regularity, on the same day, more than once in a life. But, rare as these cases are, a day full of happy promises for a whole nation is still rarer—and yet such a day we can boast of in our Fourth of July.

It assumed its strange and mysterious influence over our national destiny in the very first records of our existence. Walter Raleigh, in his restless activity and enlightened ambition, had fitted out, at his own expense, two small but stanch vessels, and sent them, under two trusty captains—Philip Amidas and Arthur Barlowe—to sail toward the setting sun, and to explore the unknown seas that lay in that direction. Full of courage and high hopes, the adventurers had left their native land in the month of April, 1584, and, after the manner of those days, sailed slowly and cautiously by way of the southern route, touching here and there on many a rich island, to refresh the crew and revictual their vessels. At last they ventured boldly into unknown waters, and began anxiously to gaze from masthead and poop, wondering what strange marvels there would arise before their amazed eyes on the western horizon. Their expectations were to be fully rewarded; for we read, in the quaint but graphic "Account of the First Voyage made to the Coasts of America" (Hakluyt, iii., 301), the following report:

"The second of July we found shole water, wher we smelt so sweet and so strong a smel as if we had bene in the midst of some delicious garden, abounding with all kind of odoriferous flowers, by which we were assured that the land could not be farre distant; and, keep-

ing good watch and bearing but slacke saile, the fourth of the same month we arrived upon the coast, which we supposed to be a continent and forine land."

Thus, it will be seen, it was on a fourth of July that the Tudor flag of England was for the first time unfurled in sight of our land, and that the foundation was laid for the empire of a new race on this continent. The delighted crew then went on shore, landing, in all probability, on Woroken Island, outside of Pamlico Sound, and formally took possession of the New World in the name of the queen's majesty. But when the two captains returned, full of glowing accounts of the surpassing beauty and the matchless fertility of the newly-discovered land, and after a surprisingly-short passage landed, in the month of September of the same year, once more in an English harbor, all England was in a glow of excitement; and court, city, and country, listened eagerly to the strange tales of the new Indies, and gazed with awe and wonder at Manteo, the Indian, who had come home with the sailors—a living evidence of what was by many fondly believed to be the true El Dorado. The queen herself, in her frigid virginity, could not resist the universal enthusiasm; and, when she heard the reports of the two captains, "as the greatest mark of honor she could do the discovery, she called the country by the name of Virginia, as well from that it was first discovered in her reign—a virgin queen—as that it did still seem to retain the virgin purity and plenty of the first creation, and the people the primitive innocence" (R. Beverley, "History of Virginia," p. 3).

Many generations of English settlers had already been born in the New World, and countless tribes of natives had disappeared forever from among the nations of the earth, when the Fourth of July once more asserted its mysterious connection with the fate of our country. A solemn meeting, it had been arranged, should be held in the central town of Lancaster, in the new province of Pennsylvania, and there appeared on one side the commissioners of the great seaboard colonies, and on the other a motley crowd of deputies from that powerful confederacy of Indians known as the Six Nations. After much speaking and bargaining, in both of which engagements the simple children of the forest proved by no means inferior to their wily and experienced adversaries, the conference was brought to a happy close on the Fourth of July, 1744, when "the Indians gave, in their order, five yo-habs and the English agents three hurrahs." Two striking features characterized this memorable meeting. On the famous day Canapatego, an eloquent Onondaga warrior, rose solemnly from his blanket, on which he had been seated, and addressed the Englishmen present in these remarkable words: "We have only one thing further to say, and this is, we heartily recommend union and good agreement between you and your brethren. Never disagree, but preserve a strict friendship for each other, and thereby you, as well as we, will become the stronger." Strange advice, most assuredly, to come from such a source! The practical result of the meeting, in the next place, was, that for the sum of about four hundred pounds sterling, the In-



dians made "a deed recognizing the king's right to all the lands that are or shall be by his majesty's appointment in the colony of Virginia;" and the lands of Maryland were, in like manner, confirmed to Lord Baltimore, within definite limits. "Thus," says Bancroft, "did Great Britain at once acquire and confirm its claims to the great basin of the Ohio, and, at the same time, protect its northern frontier" ("History of America," vol. iii, p. 456); and thus the Fourth of July became once more all-important to our destinies, bringing us, by a solemn treaty, an absolute right to the Great West by purchase, and laying the corner-stone of a new, vast empire, soon to be added to the earlier colonies on the sea-coast.

It was only short ten years later, when, under peculiarly startling circumstances, and with the distant thunder of war already filling all hearts with fear and awe, that another Fourth of July added new significance and even greater importance to that remarkable date. Commissioners had met in the town of Albany, in the State of New York, to confer upon a plan of union of all the colonies, in anticipation of a war with France. The necessity of thus securing their existence, threatened by a formidable enemy, was felt by them all; the means of averting the danger and the way of accomplishing the union alone were doubtful. Benjamin Franklin, whose calm, cool mind fully appreciated the vast importance of the proposed union, had drawn up a plain, practical plan; to this all the colonies agreed, except Connecticut, and on the Fourth of July it was signed. Although, subsequently, the British Government refused its assent, and consequently the proposed concert of action could not be made available for the time, there can be no doubt that this plan of a union of the colonies served as a basis, if not as a model, for the successful union of later days, and that, therefore, the conference of Albany, marked once more by the mysterious date, was of the utmost importance for our national existence.

The paramount significance of that day as the date on which the Union itself began its glorious career, is too well known to admit of more than a mere reference. The careful reader of history, however, cannot fail being struck by the remarkable coincidences which seem to follow the month and the day throughout our annals. On the fourth of July, 1754, Benjamin Franklin, then slowly rising in the esteem of his countrymen, had signed the Treaty of Albany; on the fourth of July, 1776, the same great American, now known all over the world as a statesman and a philosopher, signed once more the Declaration of Independence. Nor does the importance of that day end here. On the fourth of July, 1754, George Washington, then a humble officer in a colonial army, had been compelled, by the fate of war, to surrender at Fort Mifflin, the rude stockade at Great Meadows. He withdrew with his troops from the basin of the Ohio, and for a time, in the valley of the Mississippi, from its mouth in the Gulf to the head-springs of the Ohio, the lilies of France were triumphant. On the fourth of July, 1776, the same George Washington was suc-

cessfully commanding all the armies of America, and was beginning the great war that was to end in the defeat of England and the birth of a new nation!

## THE KOH-I-NOOR DIAMOND.

ON the 3d day of June, in the year 1850, Lord Dalhousie, in the name of the now defunct East India Company, presented to Queen Victoria the famous Koh-i-noor diamond, thus securing to the British crown a jewel for the possession of which many an Eastern monarch would gladly have risked his life and kingdom.

Owing to the absence of any authentic information regarding the discovery and early history of this wonderful gem, an opportunity was afforded for speculation, which has been amply improved by the authors of Hindoo tradition. The more devout among these assert that it once adorned the person of their great god Krishna, where it might have remained to this day, but for the treachery of a slave, who stole away the treasure while his lord and master slept.

Another record states that it was discovered in the bed of the river Godavery, 3200 A. C., and was worn by Carna Rajah, of Anga, who was slain in one of the battles of the "great war." The first authentic statement, however, occurs in the memoirs of the Sultan Baber, founder of the Mogul Empire, in which work the writer names this gem as among the treasure secured by Ala-ud-deen, at the conquest of Malwah, 1304 A. D. For over two hundred years it remained among the crown-jewels of the conqueror and his descendants, securely guarded in the royal treasure-house at Delhi, becoming, in the year 1526, the property of the Sultan Baber, who valued it at the price of a day's maintenance for the whole world. At this time its weight was seven hundred and ninety-three carats, or nearly six troy ounces. At a later day, when in the possession of the Emperor Aurungzebe, it was shown to Tavernier—an enterprising French traveller and connoisseur, who made a tour through the East in search of rare and wonderful gems—though then the most prized of all the crown-jewels, it had been greatly reduced in weight and value by the lapidary Borgio, to whom had been committed the labor of recutting it, and who, though devoting three and one half years to the work assigned him, exercised so little judgment and skill in its execution, that when the stone left his hands it had been reduced to a weight of one hundred and eighty-six carats, having a length of one and five-eighths inch, and a thickness of five-eighths of an inch. So enraged was Aurungzebe at the extravagance and stupidity of his lapidary, that he not only refused to compensate him for his labor, but confiscated all his worldly possessions, and even seriously considered the propriety of taking his head also.

Though so greatly reduced in size and value, the mysterious potency of its charms still remained, and the genius of Avarice and Envy, which had already found in the glittering bawble so able an ally, still recognized in its beauty an element of discord more power-

ful for evil than was the mythical apple of Eris.

Sacredly guarded by the descendants of the great sultan, the Koh-i-noor remained the property of the Mogul emperors until the year 1739, when Nadir Shah, the conqueror of India, secured the treasure after a prolonged siege of that ill-fated city. It is narrated that, on entering the royal palace, Nadir Shah commanded the conquered ruler to appear before him, that the terms of the capitulation might be ratified. In obedience to this summons, the emperor presented himself in robes of state—his vanity getting the better of his prudence—with the glittering jewel in the front of his richly-embroidered turban. At the close of the interview, the wily Nadir made sure of his prize by forcing an exchange of turbans, as a pledge of mutual good faith, and, under its new name "Koh-i-noor," "Mound of Light," the long-coveted diamond passed into the hands of the victorious Persian, its departure sealing the downfall of the Mogul dynasty.

On the death of Nadir Shah, the Koh-i-noor became—through treachery and rebellion—the property of Ahmed Shah, his former captain of horse, and lord of the royal treasury. This Afghan chief, having, after a prolonged and finally victorious conquest, established a throne among his native mountains, concluded an alliance with the rightful heir, and, moreover, demanded "the great diamond" as a seal of its perpetuity. Thus figuring again, as a forced pledge of fidelity, it remained true to the tradition that "he who would possess the Koh-i-noor must be invincible." And, as though impressed with the truth of this tradition, and fearful for the fate of the empire he had founded, Ahmed Shah, before his death, enjoined upon his sons to be vigilant in guarding the mysterious jewel, which he bequeathed to them with his throne, and with the history and fate of which that of the Douranee Empire was so closely linked; nor would the story of Shah Songah's life have been the wild romance that it was but for the zeal with which he defended the legacy intrusted to him, for its presence seemed ever the signal for intrigue and rebellion, while the devotion with which it was guarded proved how firm a hold popular tradition had upon the minds of the Eastern rulers.

When Shah Zeman was released from the prison in which he had long been confined, he left behind him, concealed in a crevice between the stones of his cell, the gem that had once been the brightest jewel in his crown, and which the watchful jailer, either ignorant as to its worth, or dreading its power, suffered the royal prisoner to retain as a companion during his lonely imprisonment. Little is known as to the length of time it remained concealed after Shah Zeman's release, nor of the ceremonies attending its restoration; but, when the English embassy were granted an audience at the royal court, in Peshawar, the Koh-i-noor shone again from the breastplate of the reigning Shah Songah.

This unfortunate prince was in turn forced, through the successful rebellion of his brother Mahmoud, to abandon his throne, and the royal exile sought the court and protection

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of Runjeet the Lion, bearing with him, as a companion and talisman, the Koh-i-noor. No sooner was its presence known, however, than the city of refuge became a fortress, and the unwilling prisoner was compelled to surrender the jewel to his false friend Runjeet. "At what price do you value this gem?" asked the lord of the five rivers. "At the price of good luck," was the reply; "since it hath ever been the property of him that hath conquered his enemies." So impressed was Runjeet with this answer, that he feared to trust with his successors so dangerous a legacy, and, therefore, bequeathed it to the great god Juggernaut; but the avarice of the heirs overcame their reverence, and the stone remained in the possession of the Indian princes until the capture of Lahore by the English secured for that country the coveted treasure.

When received by Queen Victoria, the Koh-i-noor was of the form given it by the unfortunate Borgio, and, though of great size, possessed so little brilliancy that it was determined, after a prolonged controversy, in which ministers, scientists, and connoisseurs, took part, to have the stone recut. From the several shapes proposed, that of a *brilliant* was chosen, it having been determined by Vincenzio Peruzzi, a Venetian, that by this method the most perfect refraction and reflection of light were secured. The competing forms were the *table* and *rose*—the famous Orloff, one hundred and ninety-four carats, and Grand Mogul, two hundred and eight carats, are of this latter pattern—a hemisphere having its curved surface covered with triangular planes or facets. Of this form, also, were the twelve crown diamonds known as "Les Douze Mazarins," so named from Cardinal Mazarin himself, an expert in diamond-cutting, and the reputed inventor of the method, though it is more probable that it was suggested to him by the works of certain Indian lapidaries. The rose-shape is still given to many of the smaller stones, and so skilled have these workmen become that finished rose-diamonds have been cut by them so minute that it would take fifteen hundred of them to weigh a single carat, or over two hundred thousand to a troy ounce. So light are they that a gentle breath will scatter them.

On the invention of the *brilliant*, this form replaced all others where the size and natural form of the stone favored its adoption. The brilliant is a modification of the table, having thirty-two facets, or faces, above the "girdle," which is the line of its greatest diameter, and twenty-four below, with a flat plane above called the "table," and a similar though smaller one below the "culet." The proportions of a regularly-cut brilliant are as follows: "From the table to the girdle one-third, and from the girdle to the culet two-thirds of the total thickness; the diameter of the table four-ninths of that of the girdle; the culet one-fifth of the table." A diamond of this form when held before a screen, with its face toward the light, should cast a dark shadow except at the central point, which would be faintly illumined.

The lapidary chosen to superintend the recutting of the Koh-i-noor was M. Coster, of

Amsterdam, then at the head of one of the largest establishments in that city of diamond-cutters, having in his employ over five hundred workmen. Taking with him three of his most skilful lapidaries, Coster crossed to London, where the work was begun under the direct supervision of the state authorities. The machine employed was similar to that now in general use. A circular disk, or "skaif," of steel, ten inches in diameter, is mounted on the centre of a horizontal shaft, which projects a few inches above the top of a wooden work-bench, the shaft receiving its motion from a steam-engine, its speed being regulated by a carefully-adjusted brake. The surface of the disk having been roughened by numerous indentations, or scratches, is coated with a mixture of oil and diamond-dust, or "bort." Just without the edge of this disk stands a round column of hard wood, firmly fixed upon the bench, its surface being indented with a number of ratchet-shaped notches. Before beginning the work of cutting and polishing, a careful examination of the stone is made with a view to determine whether it will admit of being "split," in which case the labor of grinding is greatly lessened. The portion to be removed by splitting is marked off by a deep scratch made with the point of a glazier's diamond—a diamond the natural angle of which is acute. The stone is then cemented upon the end of a metal rod, leaving exposed only that portion which is to be removed; the rod is then firmly fixed in a hole in the bench, and the edge of a steel chisel inserted in the groove, when a sharp, quick blow with a jeweller's hammer splits off the outer plate, and always in a line parallel to one of the crystalline planes. It is evident, therefore, that, to mark out this line of cleavage upon the surface of a rough stone, is a work calling for intelligence as well as skill. Should the portion removed be of sufficient size, it may be cut into smaller stones; but, if too thin or irregular for this, it is broken up and ground in a steel mortar to a fine dust, or "bort," which becomes the cutting medium on the wheel. When the labor of removing the rough, natural surface is completed, the stone is again fastened to the end of the metal rod, either with cement, or, as in the case of the Koh-i-noor, by embedding it in a ball of solder; the opposite end of the rod is then inserted into that one of the notches on the bracing column which will permit of the stone's being brought into contact with the wheel at the desired angle. Motion is now applied, and the diamond pressed against the oiled surface of the revolving disk, and held there either by hand or weights until the first facet is cut, when the cement is softened, the stone removed, and a new surface presented. So great was the interest taken in the cutting of the Koh-i-noor that the Duke of Wellington was selected to inaugurate it by first pressing with his hand the stone against the "skaif." Thirty-seven days of twelve hours each were required to complete the work, and this, with the aid of steam-power—the wheel revolving at an average rate of two thousand revolutions a minute, the heat generated being so great as to have once set fire to the oil on its surface, and even melted the solder in which the stone

was embedded. As the work progressed it was discovered that certain portions of the diamond were much harder than others, one face resisting so stubbornly that, with a pressure of twenty-eight pounds, and a speed of three thousand revolutions per minute, six hours of contact were required to reduce it. How patient and skilful must the early lapidaries have been, whose only method was to cement two stones upon separate rods, and, by rubbing them together by hand, to thus reduce the opposing surfaces, the particles of dust removed serving in turn to reduce the rest!

Though the eight thousand pounds paid to Coster for his successful effort might have been well earned, it is a question whether it was money well invested, since the Koh-i-noor, though a much more brilliant and attractive jewel, has ceased to be an object of interest to the mineralogist or antiquarian; for, in its present form—a brilliant weighing one hundred and six carats—there is no suggestion as to its natural shape, while all interest attached to it by association is now lost with the loss of its identity.

W. S. WARD.

## THERE IS NO DEATH.

THERE is no death! The stars go down  
To rise upon some fairer shore;  
And bright, in heaven's jewelled crown,  
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread  
Shall change beneath the summer showers  
To golden grain or mellow fruit,  
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize,  
And feed the hungry moss they bear;  
The forest-leaves drink daily life  
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,  
And flowers may fade and pass away;  
They only wait through wintry hours  
The coming of May-day.

There is no death! An angel-form  
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;  
And bears our best-loved things away,  
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate,  
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;  
Transplanted into bliss, they now  
Adorn immortal bowers.

The birdlike voice, whose joyous tones  
Made glad these scenes of sin and strife,  
Sings now an everlasting song  
Around the tree of life.

Where'er he sees a smile too bright,  
Or heart too pure for taint and vice,  
He bears it to that world of light,  
To dwell in paradise.

Born unto that undying life,  
They leave us but to come again;  
With joy we welcome them the same,  
Except their sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,  
The dear, immortal spirits tread;  
For all the boundless universe  
Is life—there is no dead!

## TABLE-TALK.

THE opening of the International Peace Jubilee for 1873, at Boston, proved that, whatever might be the feeling of "classical" musicians as to its artistic merits, it had successfully appealed to the musical sympathies of the popular heart. The first week showed an ever-increasing popular movement toward the "Hub," and was successful, at least in the sense of bringing together vast masses of people, whether as members of the chorus, which mustered at from seventeen to twenty thousand, or as audience, which varied each day from five or six to fifteen thousand. Whatever the artistic merits of the performances, this collection of people was an inspiring scene, for every one went as to a gala, and the spirit of harmony, if not its highest musical development, was apparent in the joyous scene, wherein all who came seemed infected with the spirit of cheery good-will and enthusiasm. Probably never before on this continent was there a scene so thrilling for the very vastness of the humanity collected within a limited and visible space. The looker-on was dumb before this striking proof of his own smallness—this vast aggregation of mortals, among whom he was but a poor and insignificant, and almost invisible unit. It must be said, too, that, though the impression of the sight was profounder and more lasting than that of the hearing, presenting as it did so startlingly multitude as contrasted with individuality, still there was something only less thrilling in the music which swelled through the immense and rather barn-like edifice. The intonation of three thousand tenors, of five thousand soprano, of an equal number of contraltos, and three or four thousand basses, articulating, as it were, in one combined, gigantic voice, as each key is sounded, is wonderful, though it may be wanting in the finish and delicacy of high musical art. But does this high finish of art really produce the most effective results in the average aggregate human breast? At the Jubilee, the intricate feats performed by the *prime donne*, the complex efforts of the great masters as rendered by the famous artists who performed, were applauded; but the roar of enthusiasm, the wild *hail* of the vast multitudes, were only aroused by the appearance of the foreign bands, by the performance of the national airs, by the touching, familiar, household melodies, by the grandly-simple hymns which swelled from the twenty thousand choral hearts. The brotherhood of Anglo-Saxons was recognized spontaneously when the English Grenadier Band showed their scarlet coats around the conductor's stand; the brotherhood of man was celebrated when the French and German musicians fled down the great aisle between the components of the chorus. So, although Madame Leutner's va-

riations in E, and Mr. Arbuckle's rendering of De Beriot's complexities on the cornet, were received with cordial welcome, the great heart of the multitude overflowed when "God save the Queen," "The Star-spangled Banner," "Auld Lang Syne," and "The Last Rose of Summer," swelled from organ, and violin, and myriad-voiced chorus; these being the products of the consummate art which comes home to simple souls, and so appealing to that love of harmony which is inborn, and needs no *conservatorio* to arouse it.

— It is seldom that an English statesman of wide reputation has occupied the post of Governor-General of Canada. The comparative unimportance of the office, and the distance of Canada from the home kingdom, have rendered it little attractive to men of already high public position; indeed, the only very tempting appointment at a distance from England in the eyes of English statesmen, is that of the viceroyalty of India. There are some distinguished names, however, on the list of Canadian governors-general. Sir Guy Carleton twice occupied the post, in 1766 and in 1774; Sir Gordon Drummond was governor-general in 1814, the Duke of Richmond in 1818, and the Earl of Dalhousie in 1820. In 1835 the Earl of Gosford came to Canada, and he was succeeded, in 1838, by the Earl of Durham; while Earl Cathcart became governor in 1846. The most eminent of Canadian governors-general was the Earl of Elgin, appointed in 1851, who afterward went to India as viceroy and died there. Of recent holders of the office, Lord Monck, who came across the Atlantic with but a limited fame, performed its duties so well as to give him unusual distinction, and on his return to England he became one of the leading debaters in the House of Lords. Of Lord Lisgar, the now outgoing governor-general, but little is known in the political history of the times; but he is to be succeeded by a nobleman who has long held high office at home, and whose social and literary eminence is as marked as his political influence. The Earl of Dufferin is a man of varied attainments, of genial and courtly manners, a fluent and graceful speaker, a useful administrator, and a steadfast friend of literature and literary men. He was intimate with Dickens, and his activity in such institutions as the Royal Literary Fund indicates the bent of his tastes. Lord Dufferin is of Irish-Protestant extraction, and has extensive estates in Ireland; he is an alumnus of Christ Church, Oxford, and succeeded his father in the barony of Dufferin when he was fifteen. He has always been a Liberal in politics, and was a cordial well-wisher to the Union during our civil war. His literary works are of the lighter sort, his principal publications having been a book describing the Irish famine of 1846, with political reflections thereon, and a narrative of a yacht-voyage he made to Iceland in 1859, called "Letters from High Latitudes." In 1860 he

went to Syria as British commissioner by Lord Palmerston's appointment, and he was Under Secretary of State for India in the Russell ministry of 1865-'66. When Gladstone came into office in 1868, Lord Dufferin was selected for the chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster; and, within the past year, an earldom was conferred upon him. It is a gratifying fact to Americans that the new governor-general has always manifested a warm interest in this country, and it is pleasant to know that our new neighbor is a person of unusual intelligence, culture, and kindly disposition.

— What will be the population of our country a century, or even a half century hence, is a question calculated to puzzle the most expert statisticians. So many extra influences are at work here to affect the probable result that methods of estimation almost infallible in other lands have here little practical value. Our population is more seriously affected by immigration than that of any other country. Our rich yet cheap soil, our salubrious climate, and, above all, our popular form of government, offer attractions which the middle classes of Europe cannot resist. Every steamer that comes to our shores is laden with a living freight. So great has been the depletion of population in some of the smaller German States that the enactment of laws to prevent emigration is seriously discussed. In Sweden the government has offered a prize for an essay on the best means of saving the already too scanty population. Prince Bismarck, too, contemplating the subject from a military point of view, is troubled at losing so much of his available war material; and Austria bewails the loss of her skilled artisans. The Irish, tired of waiting for justice at home, are leaving in such numbers as almost to depopulate some parts of their island. "La Belle France" has so many attractions for her sons that usually few of them are inclined to try their fortunes abroad; but, since her reverses, involving increased taxation and heavier burdens at home, many have turned their faces westward. More English and Scotch are coming than ever before. Switzerland sends us a goodly number of her hardy mountaineers, and Belgium, Holland, Italy, Hungary, and Poland, contribute their annual quota. Not only Europe, but Asia, must be taken into the calculation. On our Western coast the thrifty Mongol has already effected a lodgment, and, notwithstanding the cruel and barbarous treatment he has met with at the hands of Christians, is likely to increase and multiply. When we consider how immense is the yearly foreign immigration, we are led to the inevitable conclusion that the America of the future will be a grand composite nation, made up of almost all the ethnical elements of the world. These diverse elements, welded into one homogeneous people, as they will be eventually, must make a

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nation strong in every thing—strong numerically, physically, intellectually—and destined to wield an influence in the world's history compared to which its past is but a shadow.

Few of our readers, probably, are acquainted with the fact that a Genealogical Registry, incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, has been opened lately in this city. Its object is to secure the preservation of family records and genealogies. Any person, by the payment of a small fee, can have recorded in its books all marriages, births, and deaths, occurring in his family, and thus save for all time facts which may be of inestimable value in the future to his descendants. Family records kept at home are liable to be lost or destroyed. It is only in some public depository, furnished with suitable safes and vaults, that they can be absolutely secure from destruction. Looking at the subject in a practical light, from an historical and a legal point of view, an accurate register of our families is of the first importance; and we are sincerely glad that New York has taken the initiative in providing means to secure such an end. We have only one fault to find with the institution as it is now constituted. Its chartered privileges should be enlarged so as to make it of general instead of local application. With an office for registry in every large city in the United States, its value would be incalculable.

## Correspondence.

### The Irish Brogue.

To the Editor of Appleton's Journal.

In the opening chapters of Professor De Mille's story, "An Open Question," in No. 171 of the JOURNAL, the author falls into an error which is not uncommon among writers who are not as familiar as they suppose themselves to be with Irish pronunciation of English words. His Irish doctor, located in Paris, is made to speak a sort of English that I am sure is never spoken by an Irish doctor out of Paris. Let me reproduce here a few of the words which this very remarkable Irish doctor is represented as using. And I ask the privilege only to say that the pronunciation is utterly unlike any that any Irishman of education (as a doctor may be supposed to be) would make, either in Ireland or anywhere else.

This doctor says "ayvin," for even; "ix-piet," for expect; "infarrumed," for informed; "forruth," for forth; "worruld," for world; "schoopendous," for stupendous; "rivilation," for revelation; "beyant," for beyond; "ixtin-sive," for extensive; "stritchling," for stretching; "cinterries," for centuries; "fust" (this is an Americanism, not an Irishism), for first; "botune," for between; "schupified," for stupefied; "rayzhumed," for resumed; "turnned," for turned; "trisure," for treasure; "jools," for jewels; "harrum," for harm; "ungyarded," for unguarded; "ipically," for especially; "ginirous sintimint," for generous sentiment; "kyarbuncles," for carbuncles; "saykret," for secret; "warrunings," for warnings; "blissid," for blessed; "kipt,"

for kept; "savin," for seven; "overwhil-lumed," for overwhelmed; "afterwarrud," for afterward; "remorris," for remorse; "fer-rumly," for firmly, etc., etc.

Both English and American writers very often make such mistakes as these when attempting to depict Irish character. Thackeray made many of them, all utterly ludicrous to people who know how Irishmen do speak. But you never find Lever, Lover, Carleton, or any other Irish story-writer, putting such horrible pronunciations into the mouths of men and women in their novels. Their Irish pronunciation is natural; that introduced by writers who are not Irish themselves, generally bears no more resemblance to the genuine article (and I speak from wide observation on the subject), than rough brass bears to smooth gold. With all respect for Professor de Mille's literary ability, I must say that he greatly overshoots the mark when he represents an Irish physician as slaughtering English words in the manner foregoing.

D. C.

NEW YORK, June, 1872.

Our correspondent, who is evidently an Irishman himself, is doubtless correct in his criticism on the language of Professor De Mille's Irish doctor. The fact is, that it is almost impossible for any one but a native to imitate exactly the dialect of any country. Those to whom it is not native invariably exaggerate its peculiarities, or fail to give the nicer shades of its peculiarities. We all know what absurd work English writers, even the most skilful and painstaking, make in trying to depict American modes of speech.

Professor De Mille, however, would probably allege that the actual peculiarities of the Irish brogue could not be made perceptible to an American reader except by just such a distortion of orthography as he has employed in the case of Dr. O'Rourke.

## Literary Notes.

PETER BAYNE'S dramatic poem, "The Days of Jezebel," is to be published in this country, by Gould & Lincoln, of Boston. The *Athenaeum* pokes fun at it; but it has undeniable merit. It is the story of Jezebel, the wife of Ahab, King of Israel; of her ambition to bring her father's kingdom of Sidon and her husband's into permanent and powerful alliance, and her endeavors to attain this end by compelling the Israelites to bow the knee to Baal. She is, of course, the central figure in the drama, though the prophet Elijah is hardly less conspicuous. Mr. Bayne handles his somewhat difficult subject with considerable skill; but his work can hardly be pronounced a great poem. Indeed, we doubt if the authorities would admit it to be a poem. But it is a vigorous composition, full of highly-dramatic situations, with many passages of sustained power, and some that verge upon extravagance. The author's conception of Elijah is singularly bold and impressive.

"Sailing on the Nile," by a French writer named Laurent Laporte, has been translated by Miss Virginia Vaughan, and published by Roberts Brothers, of Boston. Its title sufficiently indicates its character; it is the narrative of a boat-voyage on the Nile. Yet it is hardly fair to call it a narrative, so little of incident is there in its pages; it is rather a meditation, rhapsodical in places. A finer specimen of "fine writing" we have not lately seen, and the refined and imaginative beauty of the original seems to have been faithfully rendered by the

translator, who has given us an exceptionally elegant piece of English. M. Laporte is a prose-poet of no mean powers. He writes dreamily, describes as if he viewed the scenery of the Nile through a poetic haze, and gives us a series of lovely though singularly unreal pictures. Yet he has a quick eye for the picturesque; it is in its reproduction that he seems to fail. Facts do not attract him, and he contributes little to the reader's Nile knowledge; but the charm of his pages is undeniable.

Mr. Augustus Hoppin has followed his "Ups and Downs on Land and Water" with a second essay in the same field of art, which he has entitled "Crossing the Atlantic." His work comprises a series of cartoons illustrative of the incidents of a steamer-voyage from Liverpool to New York. In point of execution, these drawings are superior to those of "Ups and Downs," although the last-named work had the advantage of greater variety of scene. The artist has chosen his "points" with fine taste, and, in some of his drawings, what may be called the sea-side of human nature is effectively depicted. A list of about sixty passengers precedes the cartoons, and those—men and women—are humorously named. We have Hon. L. A. Beaconsfield, of Boston; Mr. Brownstone Front and family, of New York; Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Terrapin, of Philadelphia; R. Sin, of California; William Nye, of Nevada; R. Van Winkle, Kaatskill, New York; Mr. Dooashe, Bath, Maine; Algernon Shears, Sheffield, etc. The artist favors us with portraits of the most notable of these personages; and these, almost without exception, are admirably done, and need no letter-press explanation. The fourth and fifth cartoons, showing the dinner-table as it looked on the first and second days out, are exceedingly eloquent.

Mrs. M. J. Lamb, a ready and practised writer, who has earned the distinction of being the first woman admitted to the active membership of the New-York Historical Society, has been at work for the past four or five years preparing a comprehensive history of the Empire City, derived not only from standard sources, but also very largely from family archives of correspondence, memoranda, and papers of various kinds, to which she has been granted access, among those whose fathers and mothers were closely identified with the early days of the city—particularly during the Revolutionary period and the earlier part of this century. This book, which promises most agreeable reading as well as a gathering of authentic memorials, tells the whole story, from the time of Hendrik Hudson and the "Half Moon" down to the present day. It will be an important addition to the literature of the day, and will be ready in a few months.

A new and cheaper edition of Louis Figuier's popular scientific books is now appearing from the press, "The World before the Deluge" and "The Insect World" forming the leading issues. These volumes are profusely illustrated, and, so far as the needs of the general reader are concerned, quite exhaust their themes. The complete series, which will include, in addition to those mentioned above, "The Ocean World," "The Vegetable World," and "Reptiles and Birds," will form a full and valuable series of treatises on the phenomena of life, animal and vegetable, presented in a highly popular and attractive form. The illustrations to Figuier's books are well calculated to enlist the sympathies of the most ordinary observer in the themes he discusses.

The new illustrated edition of Fenimore Cooper's Leather-stocking tales has now reached its third issue, including, so far, "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Deer-slayer," and "The Pathfinder." Each volume is profusely illustrated with new designs by Mr. F. O. C. Darley. The republication of these great novels in this popular form revives the reputation of the author, finding new readers for him in the younger generation, and inducing his reperusal among those who delighted in him in their youth. A new library edition of Cooper's novels, commencing with "The Spy," is also now appearing in semi-monthly volumes.

"Healthy Homes: a Hand-book to the History, Defects, and Remedies of Drainage, Ventilation, Warming, and Kindred Subjects," is an English reprint, conveying in small space a great deal of valuable information on the details of house-building and house-keeping, so far as they pertain to the securing of ventilation, good drainage, etc. We observe that it gives a chapter to roof-gardens in cities—which have been frequently advocated in this JOURNAL—and points out their advantages, with practical hints as to methods of construction. Published by D. Appleton & Co.

Literary partnerships are seldom successful; the only modern one to which this adjective may fairly be applied is that of Erckmann-Chatrian, the French novelists. Coleridge and Wordsworth undertook to write a joint poem, but they did not work together to advantage, and the partnership was dissolved—Coleridge continuing business on his own account, as the mercantile phrase is, and producing the "Ancient Mariner" soon thereafter. The experiment has recently been tried in Boston, by six partners, whose individual profits—in reputation, at least—are likely to be small. Messrs. Edward E. Hale, T. B. Perkins, F. W. Loring, and Mmes. Stowe and Whitney, and Miss Lucretia P. Hale, are jointly responsible for a story called "Six of One by Half a Dozen of the Other," a title in which the next higher numeral seems to have been unaccountably omitted, for the book is a striking illustration of "sixes and sevens." Its purpose seems to be, to show that young people should not trust to the "propinquities" of life, or the common speech of the people, to arrange their pairing, but should wait till events assign them to their proper "affinities." There are three heroes and three heroines in the story, whose affectional destinies seem to be nicely prearranged; but the art of the story-tellers throws the love-making machinery out of gear, and the six, having survived the Chicago fire, at which, by incomprehensible hegerdemai, they have been enabled to "assist," suddenly undergo a kaleidoscopic *bouleversement*, and turn up in new conjunctions. The story is, for the most part, well written, but the principle on which it was constructed passes understanding. It reminds one of a play represented without scenery, and without any clues by which the spectator may account for hiatus, ellipsis, and incongruity. However successful the cooperative system may have proved in the making of shoes or stoves, this experiment affords no encouragement to those who would test its practicability in the matter of authorship.

Mr. Browning's new volume, "Fifine at the Fair," presents the poet in his most unattractive mood. Of the three poems comprised in it, only one is within the comprehension of the average reader—the noble ballad of "Hervé Riel." By the average reader we mean those

who run through all poems as they run through "Flora McFlimsey," or one of Saxe's rhymes, impatient of knots, and intolerant of tangles; for in this way most of us do read poetry, or rather desire to read it. But Mr. Browning's later poems will not endure such treatment; they demand, in the reader, not merely the closest attention, but also powers of perception and analysis that approach the author's own; and consequently, though they may be perused by many, they are appreciated by few. In "Fifine at the Fair," Mr. Browning discusses certain vexed social questions, drawing his illustrations from the performance of a troupe of players, of whom Fifine is one. In "The Prince of Hohenstiel-Schwangau," he deals with political problems, and turns to account the public career of Louis Napoleon. Both poems are very hard reading; and the beautiful simplicity of "Hervé Riel" is fitly placed at the end of the volume, to refresh the reader after his labors upon its predecessors.

An arboricultural event of great note happened in Brookline, Massachusetts, the other day. There was a meeting of one of the numerous societies devoted to the localization of the New-England intellect, of which Boston is blessed with so many, at the residence of Hon. Robert C. Winthrop. The formal proceedings having terminated, that gentleman took advantage of the presence of an able-bodied company to effect a little stroke of internal improvement. A purple beech-tree was set out in the spacious grounds which surround the mansion, under the efficient superintendence of Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, president of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. The tree having been adjusted in the excavation made to receive it, Professor Henry Wadsworth Longfellow stepped forward, seized a shovel, and deposited the first contribution of earth around the roots. He was followed in this service by Professor James Russell Lowell; and he by Mr. Parkman, Dr. Gray (president of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences), Professor Washburn, Hon. John G. Palfrey, and Mr. Winthrop. Planted under such auspices, that tree ought to turn out an *Arbores gigantea*, or something more than a simple beech.

## Miscellany.

### A Persevering Reporter.

WE do not know what punishment the council of war will inflict on Marshal Bazaine, but we do know that, in the mean time, the defender of Metz is subjected to a terrible ordeal. Torturing, quartering, hot irons applied to the soles of the feet, in short, all the punishments of antiquity and the middle ages, were nothing compared with what M. Bazaine is condemned to submit to at this moment.

It may be called the *torments of reporters*. M. Bazaine is the victim of the reporters of the fifteen or twenty Paris dailies.

At six o'clock in the morning a reporter presents himself to the marshal:

"Excuse me, monsieur, for waking you so early."

"Do you come from my counsel?"

"No, monsieur; I come in the interest of *Le Phare Pitrolien*, the most enterprising journal published in Paris. On your account we shall publish three editions to-day, and even a fourth if it be necessary. Ah, monsieur, you are a greater success than Troppmann."

The marshal does not seem to be flattered by the comparison.

The chronicler now begins to ask questions and to take notes:

"How did you sleep last night?"

"Very well."

"By your leave."

"What are you doing?"

"Making a sketch of your bed. There, that will suffice, I think. Did you dream?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"I don't remember."

"That's a pity; but I will invent a dream—something quite remarkable. You dreamed, for example, that you were at Metz, and that you were killed leading a column against the besiegers."

"But—"

"You will be satisfied with my invention, never fear. Did Madame la Maréchale come to see you last evening?"

"Yes."

"Did you kiss her?"

"Certainly."

"On which cheek?"

"What has that—"

"Oh, that is very important, monsieur."

"Well, I kissed her on the forehead."

"Excellent. I am much obliged, and, by your leave, will call again, by-and-by."

About twelve o'clock, just as the marshal is sitting down to his *déjeuner*, the reporter returns.

"Do not put yourself out of the way, Monsieur le Maréchal, I beg. Go on, please, as though I were not here. I arrive in the middle of your *déjeuner*. I am sorry."

"Why so?"

"I intended to arrive at the beginning."

"In order to breakfast with me?"

"No; in order to know what you breakfasted on."

"All the diables are still on the table."

"*This-bien*! An omelet, stewed kidneys, asparagus. All prepared to your taste?"

"The omelet was a little overdone."

"Ah! And how is your appetite?"

"Who cares to know—"

"Pardon me, Monsieur le Maréchal, you have no idea how these particulars interest our readers. When, for example, we were able to give the bill of fare of Troppmann's dinner, we could safely increase our edition ten thousand."

"What are you doing now?"

"Making a sketch of your dining-room."

At about four o'clock P. M. the reporter calls again.

"How have you spent the time since I left you?"

"Walking in the garden."

"Alone?"

"No; with one of my aids-de-camp."

"Have you read the papers?"

"One only, *La Patrie*."

"I will make a hasty sketch of your garden, and return at seven o'clock for the bill of fare of your dinner."

At eleven o'clock the reporter, in spite of every obstacle, makes his way into the marshal's sleeping-apartment.

M. Bazaine sits up in bed to receive his visitor.

"Ah, how fortunate! I arrive just at the proper moment."

"Are you going to peester me long in this manner?"

"Until the day you are condemned."

M. Bazaine replies with a grimace.

"You will allow me to sit down in this chair," says the chronicler; "I will retire

when you put out your candle. *En attendant*, I will make a sketch of your nightcap."

Were I the marshal's judge, I would condemn him to pass the remainder of his life under the surveillance of the reporters.

What a punishment!—but how richly he has merited it!

ADRIEN HUANT.

#### James Gordon Bennett.

New York may be congratulated on having within a short period lost two of its foremost citizens. Flak was shot a few months ago, and it is perhaps from one point of view an encouraging circumstance that there should be such general reluctance to hang the murderer. James Gordon Bennett has died a natural death, but unfortunately his newspaper survives him. In his own way he was quite as great a man—we are thinking of greatness in its Jonathan Wild sense—as Flak; but he kept on the safe side of the law, and he was spared the expense of having to share his plunder with the judges. His career is a conspicuous example of prosperous infamy. An American apologist has suggested that his character might be described as good so far as it went, but "defective." He was shrewd, enterprising, audacious, liberal; "visit him, and you see before you a quiet-mannered, courteous, and good-natured old gentleman, who is on excellent terms with himself and with the world." But beyond that there was a blank. "That region of the mind where convictions, the sense of truth and honor, public spirit, and patriotism, have their sphere, is in this man mere vacancy." He was, in fact, an utterly unscrupulous person, who had no desire to do evil for its own sake, but who had made up his mind to push his way in the world, and who was ready to follow any road that seemed to suit his purpose. It was his combination of rare shrewdness and profligate audacity which rendered his example so corrupting and dangerous. When, in the course of some quarrel, his adversary called him a pedler, he at once adopted the name. He "peddled," he said, in thoughts, and feelings, and intellectual truths, and he was going in for a wholesale business in the same line. A pedler has a prescriptive right to call his wares by such names as he pleases, but the commodities out of which Bennett began to make his fortune were, in plain language, obscenity and personal defamation. The *New-York Herald*, which he invented and continued to manage to the last hour of his life, was at first an obscene, scurrilous print, sold at a cent, printed by stealth on other people's types, and published in a cellar. The office of the *Herald* is now one of the grandest houses in Broadway; the paper itself is one of the richest literary properties in the world, and it has cast off the revolting grossness of its early years. But it has always been conducted on the same principle—the principle of providing any thing that seemed likely to pay, without regard to the moral texture of the article. The justification of the commodity was simply that people were willing to buy it, and Bennett never troubled himself about any thing else. He was, as his admirers were accustomed to boast, peculiarly exempt from prejudices. He had no prejudice in favor of filth; he would just as soon sell honest, wholesome literature if more customers could be found for it. The *Herald* in its original form was akin to the *Age* and *Satirist*, except that its nastiness and personalities were more daring and abominable. Bennett, however, was quite shrewd enough to see that this sort of thing could not be made permanently remunerative, and he gradually toned down

the open indecency of his journal, at the same time paying great attention to general and especially to commercial news.

Bennett had only one object in view, to please the public so that they should buy his paper, and he had early come to the conclusion that the best method of doing so was to gratify the passions and echo the opinions of the hour. "I wish never to be a day in advance of the people," he used to say. "A journal to be great must be with the people, and must work in the sphere of their instincts," was another of his maxims; and he laid it down that the "best intelligence and wisdom is no more than what they (the masses) are willing to have exist in society." He deliberately and for a purely selfish purpose appealed to the worst side of a democratic society, fawning upon the multitude, exalting its prejudices and caprices, and ministering eagerly to its prurient appetites and mean jealousies, and it can hardly be doubted that the result of his labors was to intensify the despotism of majorities and the truculence of the mob. No reputation was safe from his attacks; he sided with every party in turn, and was true to none. He boasted of his independence. "We are independent of every one," he used to say; "like Luther, like Paul, we go on our own hook." His independence extended equally to principles and convictions. One opinion was just as good in his eyes as another; he had no invidious preferences, no embarrassing belief in right and wrong; all he wanted was the sort of opinion that would sell his paper, and if at any time he found he had made a mistake and laid in the wrong article, he never hesitated to change it instantly. His open cynicism and contempt for what he deemed the affectations of sincerity and earnestness perhaps did more harm than his outrages on good taste and public morality. His abominable attacks on private character had not even the justification of honest indignation; they had no other motive than to make sport for the public, and possibly to add to the profits of his paper in another way.—*London Saturday Review*.

#### Strauss in the Boston Coliseum.

If any one doubts whether or no to call Strauss a genius, let him watch the leader. To see Strauss conduct the playing of his own music is to see the spirit of the waltz before one. All the quickness and mobility that belong to the Viennese are found in this swart man of low stature, whose limbs bend and sway like slender reeds. His face is curiously like Carl Zerrahn's. Their pictures would pass for a light and a dark engraving of the same person, Strauss's taken with too much ink, and Mr. Zerrahn's when the plates were worn. When time to play, Strauss springs nimbly up the steps, gives the movement with his baton to different parts of the orchestra, and flies into the measure. At concerts, his baton is the bow of his violin with which he leads in nice passages, and at rehearsals he plays vehemently on an imaginary instrument from time to time. The hero of Charles Auchester was said to have a violin-face, it was so expressive of emotion. Strauss is a violin himself, his whole supple body seeming charged with music as it might be with electric fluid. A gentle movement of his bow opens the easy measures, gliding through a dream of sweet sounds into a rush and swell, which he emphasizes with bow and violin, in both arms held out; then, as the crescendo recedes, he extends his hands beseechingly, marking the faint passages with his fingertips, which seem to fairly curl and crinkle

with excitement. A measure does not come up to his idea; a gesture appeals for silence; they start again, Strauss playing it on his empty left arm, bringing the movement up with a crisp turn, which none of that orchestra will ever forget. Now, the music is soft, and the tenderly-moving hand enforces the expression; now it is loud, and his arms, flying with nervous gestures, lead it, while his feet mark time without lifting, and his knees twitch to the measure. Supple, graceful, and ready, every inch of him, every motion nervous and graceful, his South-German face beaming with pleasure as he leans his cheek against his violin to play a favorite passage, responding to and possessed by his own music. Nothing more subtle and vivacious has ever crossed the steps of a conductor's desk. This wizard of the waltz puts his own excitement into the whole body of musicians. It was said that the orchestra went raving under him the first day, and have kept the fever up ever since. Certainly nobody ever listened to such life in playing as they show under the gentle, bewitching wand. Out of its possession come such stealing, winding charms of sunshine, summer, and delight, as make it the very melody of pleasure. The Yankee pine-board Coliseum, the practical audience, forgotten; instead, open the halls of roses in the garden of Isaphan, and every tempting reach of imagination. A man who brings this enchantment to bear on this every-day world, who creates a soul under the ribs of an orchestra, and sets Puritanic souls wandering in mazes of care-free delight, is no genius! Then Tennyson, who sang of Claribel and the good Haroun-la-Raschid and the Lotos-Eaters, is none, and Morris is none, and Milton had none when he drew pictures of "Sabina sitting under the glassy cool translucent wave," for Strauss's music is just the response to such words. It is what this troubled, dissatisfied, chilled nature of the West wants—a music of light, and freedom, and warmth, to ensnare it into repose. I have solemnly made up my mind that Strauss's waltzes may be played in heaven, and danced, too, and all Boston people will have to unfold their hands the very first thing when they get there and learn them.

#### Charles Lever.

When a novel-writer drops off in the fulness of years, he may find old admirers to lament him, but generally he will be scarcely missed by the public. The waning of his popularity has followed on the flagging of his powers, until the decrease of the one has been even more rapid than the decay of the other. His day is gone by; his place has been filled by younger and fresher men, who are catering for the fashion of the hour, and the capricious taste of the libraries. It is rarely we have to regret a man whom exceptional gifts have saved from the common fate of his fellows, but such a man the novel-reading world has lost in CHARLES LEVER. For some forty years Mr. Lever had been writing with slight intermission, producing book on book, and scattering magazine-articles broadcast. Yet the early liking of many of us has only ripened with long acquaintance, and we venture to say thousands of readers of all ages are deploring his loss as a personal misfortune. Nor are the reasons for this perennial popularity of his far to seek. Not only was he blessed with a fund of intense youthful vitality, which, after standing the drain of a lifetime, still freshened the accumulating experiences of age; not only could you trust his equal talent to turn out work far more entertaining than the average; not only could you count absolutely upon his



tact and versatility to save him from the deadly sins of dullness and monotony—but he contrived to tone his subjects and his style down to his years, and so, as his admirers grew older like himself, he carried the mass of them along with him. He supplied the place of the powers which decay with youth by the use of those which strengthen and develop with maturity, and, while always remaining himself, he satisfied a more practical and critical age. Sensation, more or less pronounced or subdued, pervaded and flavored every thing he wrote. But the sensation of the social and political sketches which formed the staple of his later works differed as widely from the wild and extravagant action of his earliest novels as one of his hackneyed old diplomatists from one of his hare-brained light-dragoons. In each of his books there was a happy blending of something to suit itself to every taste, and so the good-humored man of the world was read and liked to the last.

#### The Boston Coliseum.

The piece of land on which the Coliseum stands is a portion of the Back-Bay land, in the angle formed by the Boston and Providence and Boston and Albany Railroads, a few rods beyond the point of crossing, and perhaps an eighth of a mile from the spot occupied by the great structure of 1869.

A better idea of the vast edifice, which covers over five acres of land, and has cost more than a quarter of a million dollars, can be obtained by putting before the reader a rough statement of its magnitude before describing it in detail. The depth of the part set aside for the orchestra and chorus is two hundred and thirty-eight feet, and of the auditorium three hundred and twelve feet. The contents of the floor which the chorus occupied are eighty-four thousand eight hundred feet, or nearly two acres, and the contents of the auditorium are nearly half as large again, being one hundred twenty thousand nine hundred and fifty feet, or nearly three acres. The whole building is three hundred and fifty feet wide, or, including the wide promenades on each side, four hundred feet wide. The exterior presents a very handsome appearance, in spite of the hasty construction of the building. The central portion of the end-facades (which are identical in finish) are brought forward some ten feet from lateral wings, and flanked on either side by towers thirty feet square, and rising some twenty-five feet above the roof. These towers have fine, bracketed door-ways, mullioned windows in the second story; above are recessed arches, whose semicircular heads are provided with ventilating louvres. A projecting cornice, borne on brackets, is surmounted by a hipped roof, ornamented with a cresting and flag-staffs. The central feature of the front is a grand-arched portal twenty-five feet in width and fifty feet in height, surmounted by a pediment. This door-way bears a triple-mullioned window, three pilasters carrying a heavy-moulded archivolte ornamented at its crown. An interior circular frame forms a rose-window, which, with its stained-glass embellishment, presents a striking interior as well as exterior feature. The height of this central motive is in all about ninety feet. Flanking this triplicate window on either side is a triangular system of fenestration, divided by mullions some forty feet in length by fifteen feet on its vertical side, also to be treated with stained glass. The main cornice of the building has a height of five feet and corresponding projection. It is quite elaborate in design, and follows the slope of the higher roof until within about twenty-five feet of the

centre of the building, when it breaks boldly upward, and then goes horizontally across, several feet above the ridge. A pedestal with retreating sides, cornice moulding and cresting, carries this portion of the sky-line several feet higher, at the centre of which is an ornate base and shield, forming the starting-point for a lofty flag-staff, from which wave the American colors and streamers. Several ventilating turrets adorn the roof and give a pleasant variety to the roof-line, the central turret predominating in size and elegance above the rest. Projections are made at the side-entrances, and midway on either side rises a Mansard-roofed tower twenty-five feet above the lean-to roofs.

Daylight and ventilation have been specially attended to by the architect. In each of the side-walls are forty double windows five by nineteen feet. On the ends there are twenty-four double windows of the same size, and two large semicircular windows, each twenty-five feet in diameter. Above these are triplicate windows, the centre division of which is arched, and just above it a rose-window of a circular form fifteen feet in diameter and ninety feet from the ground. Flanking this central feature are triangular-mullioned windows, forty feet by fifteen, following the slope of the roof. The clerestory between the lean-to and the trussed roof contains a series of sliding windows, the row extending the entire length of the building. There are eighty of these windows, each nine feet by five. In the lean-to roof are forty skylights, twenty on each side, over the galleries, the sashes being six feet by twelve, or the size of a common billiard-table, and again in the upper roof are an equal number of still larger dimensions. The effect of stained glass is given to all the windows by ornamentation in various designs, by means of transparent colors, applied by a peculiar process to the inner surface of the glass. The architect has by this means toned down the abundant light, and the effect at the great windows of the western ends at sunset is extremely fine.

#### The Inland Sea of Japan.

This Japan, I redeclare, is the most beautiful country in the world—and I have now seen a good part of the world. I have come down through the Inland Sea, by—what shall I say to give an American an idea of it!—through Lake Champlain, say, through Lake George, the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, the Rocky Mountain ranges, and the Columbia River in Oregon, Puget's Sound in Washington Territory, etc. There is nothing that surpasses it, scarcely any thing that equals it, in our country. The Scotchman here has his Loch Lomond, or Loch Katrine; the Swiss, his Geneva Lake; the Englishman, Westmoreland; the Irishman, his Killarney. We have been sailing for twenty-four hours, ten miles an hour, through a succession of changeable scenery, an idea of which you can only have by bearing in mind the beautiful home spots I have named. The hills are covered to the very tops with the liveliest green, or these hills are terraced generally with garden-spots, one overhanging the other. Along many of the hills, and on the very summits, are strings of lofty trees, so trained as to make a seeming continuous march of forest to forest over every hill-top. — *Brooke's "Seen Months' Run."*

#### The Northern Pacific Trade.

Among the great prizes of the world's commerce in future will be the control of the Northern Pacific trade and that of its dependencies on both continents. By a glance at a map of

Mercator's projection, it will be seen that the continents of Asia and America converge toward the north, till at Behring's Straits they are only forty miles asunder; and, as the bulk of the population of both continents is projected far to the north, it is obvious to the most casual observer that, in the not remote future, the commerce of the Northern Pacific Ocean is to attain great extent and importance. The impulse that has been given to the public mind in this direction is chiefly due to the construction of the Union Pacific road, happily for the whole country already completed; and to the Northern Pacific road, now in rapid process of construction, under auspices that will insure like auspicious results. Few, however, comprehend the results that are to flow from the completion of the Northern Pacific road. By this route the two continents are brought about sixteen hundred miles nearer to each other than at any southern point, and, considering the relative centres of population in each, it is probable that the northerly route is, in the end, to be the controlling one.

#### Foreign Items.

GENERAL DE CISSEY, the French Minister of War, is noted for the laconic manner in which he receives all applicants for offices. When one of them appears before him, he asks, "What office? Under-secretary? Auditor?" and then notes down the applicant's name. The other day his tailor sent his apprentice down to him with a pair of pantaloons. The general mistook him for an office-seeker, and put the usual questions to him. The apprentice stared at him in dismay. "Oh, go away, then," said the general, indignantly, "we do not employ any deaf-mutes here." He himself was dumfounded when the apprentice told him what he was there for.

The ambassadors of the King of Burmah had, recently, an interview with King Victor Emmanuel, in Rome. The king presented the principal ambassador with the grand cordon of the Order of the Italian Crown. The Burmese, upon receiving the cordon, was at a loss to know what to do with it, and finally tied it round his hips as a sort of belt. He then crawled on all-fours toward the king, and touched the floor four times with his head. The scene was so irresistibly ludicrous that Victor Emmanuel, after a brief effort to maintain his gravity, burst into laughter, in which all his courtiers joined.

A man has been arrested at Antwerp, in Belgium, on a charge of having obtained money from various bankers by personating George Baneroff, the American minister to the court of Berlin. His real name was Henry Perry, and he was formerly a resident of New York.

The Turkish sultan, they say at Constantinople, is in reality an illegitimate son of his predecessor; and it is very questionable if, under the Ottoman laws, he has any right whatever to the Turkish throne.

When Frederick Gerstaecker lived in New York, he offered to act as carrier of a small German paper, which then was published in this city, if he were allowed to sleep on a lounge in the office. The offer was rejected.

A Berlin physician recently tried to discover the bodies of two twin-girls grown together like the Siamese twins. One of the

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Notwithstanding the conspicuous position which President Thiers occupies at the present time, it is said that less copies of his works are sold now in France than at any time during the past twenty-five years.

It is reported that the proprietor of Lamartine's former residence at Macon has sold, in the last two years to travellers, over four thousand quills, with which, he said, Lamartine wrote his "Jocelyn."

The Grand-duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin has ordered his police to confiscate every number of certain German-American newspapers that have spoken disparagingly of him.

The heirs of Alexis de Tocqueville protest against the publication of a small work on international law, which has recently been issued at Brussels under his name, as a fabrication.

King Amadeus of Spain offers a prize of two thousand doubloons for the best history of the house of Savoy, to be written in the Spanish language, and in a popular style.

Pierre Zaccane, one of the most popular writers of light fiction in France, is only thirty-four years old, and yet he has issued already three hundred and twenty-five volumes.

Lanfrey says, in his "History of Napoleon I.," recently published at Paris: "Napoleon was an Italian of the fifteenth century, who strayed into our modern civilization."

Guisot is preparing his correspondence with eminent contemporaries for publication. The collection of letters is very extensive, and will probably fill six large volumes.

The Copenhagen papers express much amazement at the charges preferred against Mr. Cramer, the American minister to Denmark, in certain American journals.

The celebrated Musée des Souverains, in Paris, has been removed from the Louvre, and incorporated with the collection of curiosities at the Palais de Cluny.

Bismarck has become a member of the Association for the Introduction of National German Fashions, and is severely ridiculed for it in the French papers.

Count von Arnim, the German ambassador, will read the depositions of Prince Frederick Charles and Field-Marshal Moltke at the trial of Marshal Bazaine.

Johann Strauss, the composer, has received for the copyright of his *Kadetsky March*, up to the present time, upward of two thousand dollars.

The Emperor William has, at his country-seat, Babelsberg, paintings and other works of art valued at over one million francs.

Louisa Mühlbach is writing an historical novel about certain incidents in the life of the Turkish sultan, Abdül-Medjid.

Paul de Kock has left three or four posthumous novels, which will be published this autumn by Hachette, in Paris.

Prince Napoleon excited considerable attention by appearing the other day on foot under the Linden, in Berlin.

The London *Times* has two hundred and nine subscribers in Germany, and six hundred and eighteen in France.

## Varieties.

A CANADIAN correspondent says of the copyright act recently enacted: "Under the imperial act, American publishers could reprint and import into Canada English copyright works on paying twelve and one half per cent. duty, which went to the author, but Canadian publishers were prohibited under heavy fines and imprisonment from reprinting English copyright works. The object of the bill just passed is to permit Canadian publishers to reprint English copyright works on paying the author twelve and one half per cent. on the wholesale value of the issue. The effect of this law, when called into operation by the proclamation of the governor-general, will be to revolutionize the trade of printing. Importations from the United States into Canada of American reprints of English copyright works will entirely cease, and very likely the tide will turn the other way, because we shall not submit to the eight-hour rule or the advance in wages."

The painting executed by Thomas Moran, representing the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone, having been purchased by order of Congress, is to be placed in the Senate wing of the Capitol, at the head of the half-flight of stairs on the east side leading from the Senate floor to the galleries. This is the first work of art that has ever been purchased by the Government strictly on its merits, all the other paintings, statuary, etc., about the Capitol having been executed upon orders before the work commenced—a fact which makes the action of Congress doubly complimentary to the artist.

It was my custom in my youth (says a celebrated Persian writer), to rise from my sleep to watch, pray, and read the Koran. One night as I was thus engaged, my father, a man of practical virtue, awoke. "Behold," said I to him, "thy other children are lost in irreligious slumbers, while I alone wake to praise God." "Son of my soul," said he, "it were better for thee to be engaged in irreligious sleep, than to awake to find fault with thy brethren."

A blind woman in Iowa has learned to thread a cambric needle with her teeth and tongue. "Is there any thing in the world that a woman's tongue cannot do—or undo?" asks an exchange. We will think about it.

The Englishman who called the Hoosac Tunnel a "blawsted hole," was literally correct.

Nilsson is stated to have made four hundred thousand dollars from her two years' sojourn in the United States.

A young woman's conundrum: Who is our favorite Roman hero? Marius.

A Connecticut farmer has named a prize-rooster Robinson, because Robinson Crusoe.

## Contemporary Portraits.

Johann Strauss.

THE beauty and fashion of Vienna were assembled in the large hall of the Colosseum on the night of the 12th of February, 1825, listening with delight to the charming music of the celebrated orchestra of Johann Strauss, whom the Viennese proudly called their "Waltz King," and who, although quite a young man, had already achieved a world-wide reputation. The orchestra had just finished Strauss's famous "Peasantry Waltz," and the young *maestro* was bowing his acknowledgments to the applauding audience, when a messenger hurriedly approached him, and whispered a few words. It was joyful news he brought. A son had been born to Strauss. The musicians sitting next to their leader overheard the news, and clasped his hands and congratulated him; the joyful tidings spread in

a few seconds through the whole audience, the orchestra struck up Strauss's "Wiener Freuden;" thunders of applause resounded, and the happy father, blushing and embarrassed, bowed again and again, with tears of joy in his eyes, to the sympathetic audience.

The child whose birth was thus greeted with melodious strains, was a handsome boy with large hazel eyes, but a very feeble frame, and during the first three or four years of his life he was so sickly that his parents feared he would never reach man's estate. But, if little Johann was a feeble child, he showed already at an early day signs of an unusually-gifted mind. He could read and write when he was scarcely six years of age; and when his uncle, who was a captain of artillery, one day examined the little man, he advised the parents to send him as soon as possible to the military school, predicting that he would one day become an excellent officer. Johann's father eagerly embraced the idea, but his wife rejected it, and the boy himself declared he would become a musician like his father. He had learned to play a little on the piano and violin, and on the birthday of his father, when the boy was between seven and eight years old, he astonished the guests, who had been invited on that occasion to the house of his parents, by performing a composition of his own—a waltz—which the audience applauded loudly, and which decided Strauss to yield to his son's entreaties, and to prepare him for the musical career. His mother, a very pious and excellent woman, owing to the pensive and generally grave disposition of her son, believed that he would not achieve much distinction in the field in which her husband had reaped so many laurels, and so it was decided that young Johann should devote himself to the study of church-music. Johann had afterward good reason to be thankful to his mother for this decision, for he was indebted to it for the thorough musical education which afterward proved so valuable to him. In his eleventh year he became a pupil of Drechsler and Hoffmann, two of the best musical teachers in Vienna, and in the course of the next four years he had not only become an excellent violinist, but had also acquired a thorough knowledge of composition and counterpoint. A year later he became first violinist in his father's orchestra, and in 1844, when he was scarcely nineteen years old, he had become such a favorite of the public of Vienna, and, despite his youth, so experienced a musician, that he organized an orchestra of his own, which soon became as popular as that of his father.

At first the music-loving Viennese were split into two hostile camps—some taking the part of old Strauss's orchestra, and others declaring that it was surpassed by that of his son; but, after some wrangling, the Viennese were sensible enough to declare that both were equally good and equally worthy of admiration. The younger Strauss, if his compositions did not possess the sweet, melodious simplicity of the works of his father, surpassed them by his quaint originality, and by the skill with which he managed to produce constantly new and (until then) unknown orchestral effects. As a composer, he was as fertile and indefatigable as his father. In 1848, already no fewer than two hundred of his works had been published—among them the celebrated *Kathinka Polka*, of which upward of half a million copies were sold. In 1846 he travelled with his orchestra in Hungary and the Danubian principalities, and, when his father died in 1851, he united the two orchestras, and has ever since held the first place among the composers of dancing-music. In 1855 the Emperor of Russia called him and his

orchestra to St. Petersburg, and for ten years he returned there regularly in the summer months, and charmed the people of the Russian capital by his inimitable concerts at Tsarskoe Selo. He next visited London, where he achieved an equal success, and then went to Paris, where his orchestra was one of the great attractions during the Universal Exposition of 1867.

In 1862 he was appointed *Hofkapellmeister* by the Emperor of Austria, in honor of his marriage with Henrietta Treffz, the distinguished Hungarian cantatrice. From that time Johann Strauss left the leadership of his orchestra to his younger brothers, Joseph and Edward, and took up his *bâton* only when a new composition of his was to be performed. The whole number of his works at the present time is over six hundred. The most popular of his compositions is the "Radetsky March," which has become a sort of national air in Austria, and for



JOHANN STRAUSS

which Strauss received from the emperor one of the highest decorations. Old Strauss left his children a large fortune, but the son has already accumulated greater wealth than his father, and he is believed to be the richest of living composers. His copyrights alone yield him an annual income of fifty thousand florins, and from his orchestra he derives annually a still larger income. Quite recently he has written a few operettes, "Indigo," "The Princess of Trebizond," etc., which have been very favorably received in Germany and France.

Personally, Johann Strauss is a handsome man, with very striking features. As a leader of an orchestra he is lively, but graceful. An excellent conversationalist, he charms everybody that comes in contact with him, and his integrity, his amiability, and kind-heartedness, endear him to all who are fortunate enough to become acquainted with him.

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549 & 551 BROADWAY NEW YORK.